



"One gets a certain thrill from discovering something others had not known," Orville Wright remarked to FRED C. KELLY, who was then working on a biography of the Wright brothers. After Orville's death, the family gave Mr. Kelly exclusive access to the Wright letters now in the Library of Congress. "I think, he writes us, "that they are the most important unpublished letters now available anywhere in the world. They deal with a subject that has brought a greater effect on the world than anything since the discovery of America." The Atlantic will serialize them in three installments, of which this is the first.

MIRACLE AT KITTY HAWK

Unpublished Letters of the Wright Brothers

Edited by FRED C. KELLY

ORVILLE WRIGHT often said that he and his brother Wilbur owed much to an upbringing that gave them "exceptional advantages." These were not from wealth. When the family had to get along on the income of the father, Bishop Milton Wright, his salary from the United Brethren Church was never more than \$900 a year. He sometimes got a little additional income from an Indiana farm, and he managed to pay for his daughter Katharine's education at Oberlin College, including two years in the preparatory department. But luxury money was scarce. Whatever Wilbur and Orville spent on hobbies they had to earn. The advantages Orville had in mind were "a home environment where the children were encouraged to pursue intellectual interests; to investigate whatever aroused curiosity."

It was a happy, congenial family. After the death of the mother, when Katharine, the youngest, was only fifteen years old and the two older brothers, Reuchlin and Lorin, had gone to homes of their own, those still under the parental roof were the more closely drawn together; what one was doing interested all. In the middle nineties, after Wilbur and Orville had started their bicycle business, Katharine was at Oberlin, and Bishop Wright made trips on church business. Thus the two

brothers were frequently at home alone, and they were likely to continue working together when they came from their bicycle shop.

Orville was exactly three years older than his sister, each born on August 19; and Wilbur was four years older than Orville. Five feet ten and a quarter inches in height, Wilbur was taller than Orville by an inch and a half. Both were slender. Wilbur usually weighed about 140 pounds and Orville 5 pounds more. At the time he wrote the letter which follows, Wilbur looked perhaps a trifle older than his twenty-seven years, for his hair was thinning. Orville had not yet raised his mustache and looked boyish. For a time, after being hit in the face by a shinny club while skating, Wilbur had been in poor health, and did little but sit at home reading. The family sometimes wondered if he had become a bit lazy. Devoted as the brothers were, Orville would occasionally chide Wilbur for talking to him as if he were a "kid," and for saying or writing "I" when he meant "we."

WILBUR WRIGHT TO HIS FATHER

September 12, 1894

The bicycle business is fair. Selling new wheels is about done for this year but the repairing business is good and we are getting about \$20 a month

Copyright 1950, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

from the rent of three wheels. We get \$8 a month for one, \$6.50 for another, and the third we rent by the hour or day. We have done so well renting them that we have held on to them instead of disposing of them at once, although we really need the money invested in them. Could you let us have about \$150 for a while? We think we could have it nearly all ready to pay back by the time you get home.

I have been thinking for some time of the advisability of my taking a college course. I have thought about it more or less for a number of years but my health has been such that I was afraid that it might be time and money wasted to do so, but I have felt so much better for a year or so that I have thought more seriously of it and have decided to see what you think of it and would advise.

I do not think I am specially fitted for success in any commercial pursuit even if I had the proper personal and business influences to assist me. I might make a living but I doubt whether I would ever do much more than this. Intellectual effort is a pleasure to me and I think I would be better fitted for reasonable success in some of the professions than in business.

I have always thought I would like to be a teacher. Although there is no hope of attaining such financial success as might be attained in some of the other professions or in commercial pursuits, yet it is an honorable pursuit, the pay is sufficient to enable one to live comfortably and happily, and [teaching] is less subject to uncertainties than almost any other occupation. It would be congenial to my tastes, and I think with proper training I could be reasonably successful.

Of course I could not attempt a college course unless you are able and willing to help me some. I think that by keeping a couple of bicycles to rent and by doing some repairing, and possibly a few sales, enough could be made to meet the greater part of the expense, or at least enough to help along quite a good bit. I think with six or eight hundred dollars I could complete the course, which would probably take about four years. I would be glad to have you think the matter over and give me your advice on it.

BISHOP WRIGHT'S REPLY

September 15, 1894

I received your letter. Yes, I will help you what I can in a collegiate course. I do not think a commercial life will suit you well. Probably you may not be able to go through college without some intermissions. I will loan you boys the \$150 you ask.

Wilbur gave up the idea of going to college. Neither his nor Orville's formal education went beyond high school, and though each spent the time for a full course, neither ever received a di-

ploma. The Wright family moved to Dayton, Ohio, from Richmond, Indiana, just before the commencement exercises in Wilbur's final year and he did not bother to go back. Orville took special studies in his senior year in place of other work required for graduation.

In 1895 the Wright brothers read about the gliding experiments of Otto Lilienthal in Germany. (Lilienthal was far in advance of all others who ever worked on the flying problem before the Wrights.) They were fascinated by what little they could learn about Lilienthal, for it seemed to them that gliding through the air must be the king of sports. When they read in 1896 that Lilienthal had been killed in one of his experiments, they wondered if they could go on from where he and others had left off.

They read everything they could find about attempts to fly; but the Dayton Public Library did not provide much, and in June, 1899, Wilbur wrote to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington for suggestions about reading matter. The Smithsonian sent them some pamphlets and a list of titles, including Octave Chanute's *Progress in Flying Machines*. Chanute, a successful construction engineer living in Chicago, had himself directed experiments with gliders of his own design, but these had not been highly successful. As a historian and bibliographer of man's attempts to fly, however, Chanute was the best. After reading Chanute's book, Wilbur Wright wrote to him, and this was the beginning of a correspondence which was to continue for ten years.

The intimate relationship between the Wrights and Chanute started by that first letter from Wilbur became of great importance to all three. Because Chanute early recognized that the Wrights were far ahead of their predecessors, he prodded them into continuing their experiments when they might have quit. His encouragement to the two brothers put them deeply in his debt. He in turn doubtless gained his greatest renown from being the confidant of the Wrights.

From the first letter of

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, OHIO, May 13, 1900

For some years I have been afflicted with the belief that flight is possible to man. My disease has increased in severity and I feel that it will soon cost me an increased amount of money if not my life. I have been trying to arrange my affairs in such a way that I can devote my entire time for a few months to experiment in this field.

My general ideas of the subject are similar to those held by most practical experimenters, to wit: that what is chiefly needed is skill rather than machinery. The flight of the buzzard and similar sailors is a convincing demonstration of the value of skill and the partial needlessness of motors.

It is possible to fly without motors, but not without knowledge and skill. This I conceive to be fortunate, for man, by reason of his greater intellect, can more reasonably hope to equal birds in knowledge than to equal nature in the perfection of her machinery.

Assuming then that Lilienthal was correct in his ideas of the principles on which man should proceed, I conceive that his failure was due chiefly to the inadequacy of his method and of his apparatus. As to his method, the fact that in five years' time he spent only about five hours, altogether, in actual flight is sufficient to show that his method was inadequate. Even the simplest intellectual or aerobatic feats could never be learned with so short practice; and even Methuselah could never have become an expert stenographer with one hour per year for practice. . . .

My observation of the flight of buzzards leads me to believe that they regain their lateral balance when partly overturned by a gust of wind, by a torsion of the tips of the wings. If the rear edge of the right wing tip is twisted upward and the left downward the bird becomes an animated windmill and instantly begins to turn, a line from its head to its tail being the axis. It thus regains its level even if thrown on its beam's end, so to speak, as I have frequently seen them. I think the bird also in general retains its lateral equilibrium, partly by presenting its two wings at different angles to the wind, and partly by drawing in one wing, thus reducing its area. I incline to the belief that the first is the more important and usual method. . . .

My business [the bicycle shop] requires that my experimental work be confined to the months between September and January and I would be particularly thankful for advice as to a suitable locality where I could depend on winds of about 15 miles per hour without rain or too inclement weather. I am certain that such localities are rare.

I have your *Progress in Flying Machines* and your articles in the *Annals* of '95, '96, and '97, as also your recent articles in the *Independent*. If you can give me information as to where an account of Pilcher's experiments can be obtained I would greatly appreciate your kindness.

Chanute brought to the Wrights' attention other reading matter about their predecessors. Some of the impressions they got from their reading Wilbur described years later in a deposition before the United States Court of Appeals, in the patent infringement suit of The Wright Company *vs.* the Herring-Curtiss Co. and Glenn H. Curtiss.

EXCERPT FROM TESTIMONY OF WILBUR WRIGHT

February 15, 1912

When we came to examine these books we were astonished to learn what an immense amount of time and money had been expended in futile at-

tempts to solve the problem of human flight. Contrary to our previous impression, we found that men of the very highest standing in the professions of science and invention had attempted the problem. Among them were such men as Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest universal genius the world has ever known; Sir George Cayley, one of the first men to suggest the idea of the explosion motor; Professor Langley, secretary and head of the Smithsonian Institution; Dr. Bell, inventor of the telephone; Sir Hiram Maxim, inventor of the automatic gun; Mr. O. Chanute, the past president of the American Society of Civil Engineers; Mr. Chas. Parsons, the inventor of the steam turbine; Mr. Thomas A. Edison, Herr Lilienthal, M. Ader, Mr. Phillips, and a host of others.

The period from 1889 to 1897 we found had been one of exceptional activity, during which Langley, Lilienthal, Chanute, Maxim, and Phillips had been feverishly at work, each hoping to win the honor of having solved the problem; but one by one they had been compelled to confess themselves beaten, and had discontinued their efforts. In studying their failures we found many points of interest to us.

2

THE brothers soon assembled their first glider, at a cost of \$15. It weighed about 52 pounds. Counting the "bows" at the ends of each wing surface, the span was nearly 17½ feet, with a total lifting area of 165 square feet. A space 18 inches wide at the center of the lower surface, where the operator would lie "belly-buster," with feet over the rear spar, was left uncovered. The wing curvature was less than Lilienthal had used.

For their experiments the Wrights wanted a sandy area for soft landings, slopes free of trees or shrubs for gliding, and adequate winds. After writing to the Weather Bureau in Washington for information, they decided that Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, would meet their requirements better than any other place no farther from home.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO HIS FATHER

September 3, 1900

I am intending to start in a few days for a trip to the coast of North Carolina in the vicinity of Roanoke Island, for the purpose of making some experiments with a flying machine. It is my belief that flight is possible and, while I am taking up the investigation for pleasure rather than profit, I think there is a slight possibility of achieving fame and fortune from it. It is almost the only great problem which has not been pursued by a multitude of investigators, and therefore carried to a point where further progress is very difficult. I am certain I can reach a point much in advance of any previous workers in this field even if complete success is not attained just at present. At any rate, I shall have

an outing of several weeks and see a part of the world I have never before visited.

KATHARINE WRIGHT TO HER FATHER

DAYTON, OHIO, *September 5, 1900*

We are in an uproar getting Will off. The trip will do him good. I don't think he will be reckless. If they can arrange it, Orville will go down as soon as Will gets the machine ready.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO HIS FATHER

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., *September 9, 1900*

I am at this place waiting for a boat to take me across Albemarle Sound to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, which will be my address for the present. I supposed you knew that I was studying up the flying question with a view to making some practical experiments.

I chose Kitty Hawk because it seemed the place which most clearly met the required conditions. In order to obtain support from the air it is necessary, with wings of reasonable size, to move through it at the rate of 15 or 20 miles per hour. If there is no wind movement, your speed with reference to the ground must be the same. If the wind blows with proper speed, support can be obtained without movement with reference to the ground. It is safer to practice in a wind, provided this is not broken up into eddies and sudden gusts by hills, trees, and so forth.

At Kitty Hawk, which is on the narrow bar separating the Sound from the Ocean, there are neither hills nor trees, so that it offers a safe place for practice. Also the wind there is stronger than any place near home and is almost constant, so that it is not necessary to wait days or weeks for a suitable breeze. It is much cheaper to go to a distant point where practice may be constant than to choose a nearer spot where three days out of four might be wasted.

I have no intention of risking injury to any great extent, and have no expectation of being hurt. I will be careful, and will not attempt new experiments in dangerous situations. I think the danger much less than in most athletic games.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO HIS FATHER

KITTY HAWK, *September 23, 1900*

I have my machine nearly finished. It is not to have a motor and is not expected to fly in any true sense of the word. My idea is merely to experiment and practice with a view to solving the problem of equilibrium. I have plans which I hope to find much in advance of the methods tried by previous experimenters. When once a machine is under proper control under all conditions, the motor problem will be quickly solved. A failure of motor will then simply mean a slow descent and safe landing instead of a disastrous fall.

In my experiments I do not expect to rise many

feet from the ground, and in case I am upset there is nothing but soft sand to strike on. I do not intend to take dangerous chances, both because I have no wish to get hurt and because a fall would stop my experimenting, which I would not like at all. The man who wishes to keep at the problem long enough to really learn anything positively cannot take dangerous risks. Carelessness and overconfidence are usually more dangerous than deliberately accepted risks. I am constructing my machine to sustain about five times my weight and am testing every piece. I think there is no possible chance of its breaking while in the air. If it is broken it will be by awkward landing.

My machine will be trussed like a bridge and will be much stronger than that of Lilienthal, which, by the way, was upset through the failure of a movable tail and not by breakage of the machine. The tail of my machine is fixed, and even if my steering arrangement should fail, it would still leave me with the same control that Lilienthal had at best. My machine is more simple in construction and at the same time capable of greater adjustment and control than previous machines.

I have not taken up the problem with the expectation of financial profit. Neither do I have any strong expectation of achieving the solution at the present time or possibly any time. My trip would be no great disappointment if I accomplished practically nothing. I look upon it as a pleasure at the same cost. I am watching my health very closely and expect to return home heavier and stronger than I left. I am taking every precaution about my drinking water.

On his way to Kitty Hawk, Orville took time to act on a financial problem.

ORVILLE WRIGHT TO HIS SISTER

ELIZABETH CITY, *September 26, 1900*

Tell Harry [an employee at the bicycle shop] to sell those rolls of tire tape in the box back of what he has been selling at 5 cents a roll. They were 10-cent rolls, but we must get rid of them. They are in tin-foil wrappers.

ORVILLE WRIGHT TO HIS SISTER

KITTY HAWK, *October 14, 1900*

We have been having a fine time. Altogether we have had the machine out three different days, of from two to four hours each time. Monday night and all day Tuesday we had a terrific wind, blowing 36 miles an hour. Wednesday morning the Kitty Hawks were out early peering around the edge of the woods and out of their upstairs windows to see whether our camp was still in existence. We were all right, however, and though wind continued up to 30 miles, got the machine out to give it another trial. The wind was too strong and unsteady for us to attempt an ascent in it, so we just flew it

like a kite, running down a number of strings to the ground, with which to work the steering apparatus. The machine seemed a rather docile thing, and we taught it to behave fairly well. Chains were hung on it to give it work to do, while we took measurements of the "drift" in pounds.

In the afternoon we took the machine to the hill just south of our camp, formerly known as "Look Out Hill," but now as the "Hill of the Wreck."

Well, after erecting a derrick from which to swing our rope with which we fly the machine, we sent it up about 20 feet, at which height we attempt to keep it by the manipulation of the strings to the rudder. The greatest difficulty is in keeping it down. It naturally wants to go higher and higher. When it begins to get too high we give it a pretty strong pull on the ducking string, to which it responds by making a terrific dart for the ground. If nothing is broken we start it up again. This is all practice in the control of the machine. When it comes down we just lay it flat on the ground and the pressure of the wind on the upper surface holds it down so tightly that you can hardly raise it again.

After an hour or so of practice in steering, we laid it down on the ground to change some of the adjustments of the ropes, when, without a sixteenth of a second's notice, the wind caught under one corner and, quicker than thought, it landed 20 feet away, a complete wreck. When it started I was standing at a rear corner holding one of the up-rights. It just took me off my feet and landed me in the heap 29 feet away.

We had had a number of interesting experiences with it before, performing some feats which would almost seem an impossibility. We dragged the pieces back to camp and began to consider getting home. The next morning we had cheered up some and began to think there was some hope of repairing it.

The next three days were spent in repairing, holding the tent down, and hunting; mostly the last, in which occupation we have succeeded in killing two large fish hawks each measuring over 5 feet from tip to tip; in chasing a lot of chicken hawks till we were pretty well winded; and in scaring several large bald eagles. . . .

This is a great country for fishing and hunting. The fish are so thick you see dozens of them whenever you look down into the water. The woods are filled with wild game, they say; even a few "b'ars" are prowling about the woods not far away. . . .

But the sand! The sand is the greatest thing in Kitty Hawk, and soon will be the only thing. The site of our tent was formerly a fertile valley, cultivated by some ancient Kitty Hawker. Now only a few rotten limbs, the topmost branches of trees that then grew in this valley, protrude from the sand. The sea has washed and the wind blown millions and millions of tons of sand up in heaps

along the coast, completely covering houses and forest. Mr. Tate is now tearing down the nearest house to our camp to save it from the sand. . . .

You can't get dirty. Not enough to raise the least bit of color could be collected under a finger nail. We have a method of cleaning dishes that has made the dish rag and the tea towel a thing of the past. . . .

We need no introduction in Kitty Hawk. Every place we go we are called Mr. Wright. Our fame has spread far and wide up and down the beach.

ORVILLE WRIGHT TO HIS SISTER

KITTY HAWK, October 18, 1900

We spent half the morning yesterday in getting the machine out of the sand. When we finally did get it free, we took it up the hill, and made a number of experiments in a 25-mile wind. We have not been on the thing since the first time we had it out, but merely experiment with the machine alone, sometimes loaded with 75 pounds of chains. We tried it with tail in front, behind, and every other way. When we got through, Will was so mixed up he couldn't even theorize. It has been with considerable effort that I have succeeded in keeping him in the flying business at all. He likes to chase buzzards, thinking they are eagles, and chicken hawks, much better.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

November 16, 1900

My brother and myself spent a vacation of several weeks at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, experimenting with a soaring machine. . . .

The machine had neither horizontal nor vertical tail. Longitudinal balancing and steering were effected by means of a horizontal rudder projecting in front of the planes. Lateral balancing and right and left steering were obtained by increasing the inclination of the wings at one end and decreasing their inclination at the other. The short time at our disposal for practice prevented as thorough tests of these features as we desired, but the results obtained were very favorable and experiments will be continued along the same line next year.

3

DURING the winter of 1900-1901 the Wrights went ahead with plans, determined before they had left Kitty Hawk, that their next experiments would be with a larger glider — large enough to be flown as a kite, with an operator aboard, in the kind of winds they could usually expect. The 1901 glider was of the same general design as the first one, but with considerably more area, for greater lifting power. They increased the curvature of the wings to conform to the shape on which Lilienthal had based his tables of air pressures. The front and rear edges of the wings were about 7 feet apart and the total

span 22 feet. With the rear corners of the wings rounded off, and a section 20 inches wide removed from the middle of the lower wing, the lifting area was 290 square feet. The machine weighed 98 pounds, nearly double the earlier one. This was a much larger machine than anyone had ever dared try to fly. Although several glides on the day of the machine's first trial exceeded in distance the best of the year before, it was soon evident that in a number of respects the machine was not as good as the first one. With the wing camber recommended by Lilienthal, it could not glide at a slope as near to level as the 1900 machine had done.

When their friend Chanute had learned, during a visit to Dayton in June, that no doctor was available near their camp, he thought the brothers were taking big risks. He said he knew a young man in Coatesville, Pennsylvania, George A. Spratt, who had been making studies in aeronautics and who had had medical training. If the Wrights would board him at camp, Chanute said, he would pay Spratt's traveling expenses to Kitty Hawk and would feel compensated by the pleasure given, for Spratt had never seen gliding experiments. Chanute also asked if they would be willing to have with them E. C. Huffaker, a technical man, of Chuckey, Tennessee, who was building a glider for Chanute that he wanted to have tested. The Wrights consented. For a time, too, Chanute himself, on their invitation, was with them.

FROM WILBUR WRIGHT'S DIARY

July 30, 1901

The most discouraging features of our experiments so far are these: The lift is not much over one third that indicated by the Lilienthal tables. As we had expected to devote a major portion of our time to experimenting in an 18-mile wind without much motion of the machine, we find that our hopes of obtaining actual practice in the air are decreased to about one fifth what we hoped, as now it is necessary to glide in order to get a sustaining speed. Five minutes' practice in free flight is a good day's record. We have not yet reached so good an average as this even.

The good points as indicated by the experiments already made are these: —

1. The machine is strong. It has suffered no injury although very severely used in some forty landings.

2. With less than an hour's practice we succeeded in getting a free flight of over 300 feet at an angle of 1 in 6. Many of our failures in other attempts were due only to the fact that the hill was not steep enough to really get a fair start. The machine starting so close to the ground that the least undulation caused the rear ends of the rib to touch the ground and thus prevent the machine turning up to sufficient angle to rise again.

3. We have experimented safely with a machine

of over 300 square feet surface in winds as high as 18 miles per hour. Previous experimenters had pronounced a machine of such size impracticable to construct and impossible to manage. It is true that we have found this machine less manageable than our smaller machine of last year, but we are not sure that the increased size is responsible for it. The trouble seems rather in the travel of the center of pressure.

4. The lateral balance of the machine seems all that could be desired.

Wilbur Wright said, on their way home after the 1901 gliding experiments, that he didn't think man would fly in a thousand years. In a way, though, as Orville Wright said long afterward, it was encouraging to learn that the work of predecessors could not be relied upon. It meant that more knowledge was needed, rather than that flight was impossible.

OCTAVE CHANUTE TO WILBUR WRIGHT

CHICAGO, ILL., August 23, 1901

I have your welcome letter of the 22nd and am glad to know that you got through your experiments without accident. I think you have performed quite an achievement in sailing with surfaces wider than any which I dared to use, and on which a change of incidence by a wind gust would make so great a difference in the center of pressure.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO GEORGE A. SPRATT

DAYTON, OHIO, September 21, 1901

Well, after you left camp, conditions which you know were none too pleasant in some respects became even worse, as they were no longer relieved by your funny stories and pleasant company, so four days after you left we also broke camp and returned home. . . .

I enclose a few prints. That of the Huffaker machine you will please not show too promiscuously. I took it as a joke on Huffaker but afterward it struck me that the joke was rather on Mr. Chanute, as the whole loss was his. If you ever feel that you have not got much to show for your work and money expended, get out this picture and you will feel encouraged.

We have been quite busy since returning home, putting in some new machinery and finishing a new gas engine on which we have been working for some time.

By Mr. Chanute's invitation I was up to Chicago a few days ago to address the Western Society of Engineers on our experiments. His faith in Lilienthal's tables is beginning to waver, though it dies hard.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, OHIO, October 6, 1901

We have made the experiment of balancing a curved surface against a plane surface 66 per cent

as large, placed normal to the wind, and find that instead of 5° , as called for in Lilienthal's table, an angle of 18° was required. The test was made by mounting the surfaces on a bicycle wheel turned over so that its axis was vertical. . . .

We found it impossible to get satisfactory results with a natural wind, so we mounted the wheel on a spar projecting in front of a bicycle and made tests in an almost perfect calm. We rode at right angles to the wind so that the natural wind was first on one side and then on the other as the direction of the course was reversed.

That experiment with the bicycle was tried only once. They made their first wind tunnel of an old starch box. Then they rigged up a much better wind tunnel, about 6 feet long and 16 inches square (interior measurement), and for two months, toward the end of 1901, tested more than two hundred types of wing surfaces. Among other things, they proved the fallacy of the sharp edge at the front of an airplane wing and the inefficiency of deeply cambered wings, which were then generally advocated by others. The immediate purpose of the experiments was to make sure, before Wilbur's Chicago speech was published, that he had not overstated in saying that all the published works relating to air pressures on curved surfaces were wrong. As the experiments continued, they marked a turning point in the efforts of man to fly, for they gave knowledge no one had ever had before, of how to design wings efficient enough to make possible a flying machine. It is the design of the wings rather than the engine or propellers that enables a plane to lift itself in the air. If this were not so, a glider with neither an engine nor propellers could not fly.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO HIS FATHER

DAYTON, OHIO, *October 24, 1901*

Since returning we have been experimenting somewhat with an apparatus for measuring the pressure of air on variously curved surfaces at different angles, and have decided to prepare a table which we are certain will be much more accurate than that of Lilienthal. Mr. Chanute has several times kindly offered to help bear the expense of these experiments but we have refused to accept money because we would be led to neglect our regular business too much if the expense of experimenting did not exercise a salutary effect on the time devoted to them.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, OHIO, *November 22, 1901*

After almost numberless small changes we think our machine will now give results within 2 or 3 per cent of the real truth, and will give the same result at every test at any given angle. We are now engaged in making a large number of models of typical

shapes and will measure them with the greatest care. The comparative lifts of different surfaces will be obtained with almost absolute correctness.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO GEORGE A. SPRATT

DAYTON, OHIO, *December 15, 1901*

We were pleased to receive your letter and the photograph of your new testing machine. It seems quite ingeniously designed and I think should give good results. As you say, the greatest trouble will probably be with the changeableness of the wind. If I understand you properly, the machine is intended for locating the center of pressure at any angle (or rather locating the angle for any center of pressure) and for finding the direction of the resultant pressure as measured in degrees from the wind direction.

I think I told you in my last that we had been experimenting with a "lift" measuring machine. We have carried our experiments further and have made a measurement of the lifts of about thirty surfaces. The results have rather surprised us as we find at angles of 7° to 15° *with some surfaces* a greater lift than Lilienthal gives in his table.

WILBUR WRIGHT TO OCTAVE CHANUTE

DAYTON, OHIO, *December 15, 1901*

I regret that we did not have time to carry some of these experiments further, but having set a time for the experiments to cease, we stopped when the time was up. At least two thirds of my time in the past six months has been devoted to aeronautical matters. Unless I decide to devote myself to something other than a business career, I must give closer attention to my regular work for a while. I hope at some later time to resume these investigations.

OCTAVE CHANUTE TO WILBUR WRIGHT

CHICAGO, ILL., *December 19, 1901*

I have read your letter . . . with absorbing interest. If your method and machine are reliable you have done a great work, and have advanced knowledge greatly. Your charts carry conviction to my mind and your descriptions and comments are very clear. I must especially commend the system by which you went about to ascertain the best form of surface, instead of trying haphazard experiments.

I very much regret, in the interest of Science, that you have reached a stopping place, for further experimenting on your part promises important results, yet my judgment cannot but approve of your decision, for I see as yet no money return for the pursuit, save from possible exhibition. If, however, some rich man should give you \$10,000 a year to go on, to connect his name with progress, would you do so? I happen to know Carnegie; would you like for me to write to him?

(To be continued)



The British elections settled no great national questions, and they left altogether untouched the larger issues of world politics. Neither party gave the British voter any guidance on how to create the flexible, prosperous, and expanding world economy on which the cold war against Russia must depend. Among the ablest spokesmen for post-war Britain, BARBARA WARD has been the foreign editor of the London Economist since 1940. She is also a governor of the Old Vic and the youngest governor of the BBC.

DEADLOCK IN BRITAIN

by BARBARA WARD

I

IT IS hardly necessary to repeat that the British elections of February this year produced a political deadlock. The votes given by the electors to the Labor Party, on the one hand, and to their opponents, the Conservatives and the Liberals, on the other, were very nearly even, and in the House of Commons the Labor Government was left with a majority of six. There has, however, been less comment on the fact that this Parliamentary deadlock to some extent reflects a political and economic deadlock in the country at large. Both in domestic politics and in its foreign relations, Great Britain appears to have reached a point which it can neither maintain nor quit, and it is just possible that the voters, with a sort of sixth sense of political judgment, reproduced this situation in the electoral results.

For five years the British community has been living in a state of more or less controlled inflation. It has been brought about by the Government's attempt to do everything at once—create social services, subsidize food and housing, build up a free medical service, restore war damage, re-equip industry, rebuild schools, homes, and hospitals, and provide a defense budget as well. The outlay of the community has exceeded its resources. As a result, monetary demand has outstripped supply.

This process has been aggravated by the policies pursued in the countries which use sterling as their trading currency. The new Dominions, India and Pakistan, have used their newly found freedom to expand their purchases and their investments. Colonial development has been expanded on a greater scale than ever before. This inflation of demand within the sterling area has been made possible by very large releases of sterling to war-time creditors, such as India, Iraq, and Egypt, out of their accumulated war debt. In the last year alone probably about 500 million pounds (a sum

equivalent to a quarter of all Britain's exports) have been released in settlement of the outstanding sterling balances.

The results of this general economic policy have been satisfactory enough to the great mass of the people. It is true that uncontrolled inflation has been held at bay by extremely high levels of taxation in Britain—the amount of the country's wealth absorbed by the Government has reached the astonishing scale of 43 per cent of the national income. But this very heavy taxation does not fall on the majority of earners, and the compensating advantages are many. The first of them is, of course, full employment. The working population, disciplined by the mass unemployment of the thirties to consider security at work their highest aspiration, have had five years of uninterrupted employment, regular wages, and secure jobs near their own homes.

It would be a mistake to think that this security has been given only to the workers. For business firms as well, the five-year period has been one of great stability, of great prosperity, with prices enabling even the marginally efficient to make a profit and giving the efficient producer dividends which may range between 100 and 300 per cent. From the point of view of the community, the obverse of this bright penny of security and full employment has been high costs, brought about by the lack of any real incentive to reduce them—for why be more efficient if, in any case, everything produced can be sold? It has also induced in the economy a dangerous degree of rigidity. There is little temptation to change methods or types of production, to go out for new markets, to attempt to adapt oneself to changes which may not after all occur. This, then, has been the position since the end of the war, and if all other things were equal, this type of semi-controlled inflation could probably

continue indefinitely without either side of industry attempting to break away.

It is clear, however, that such a situation cannot continue. If the British Isles were a large, self-contained economy including within itself all the resources necessary for its economic life, it is just possible that conditions of semi-boom might be maintained indefinitely; but the country is, on the contrary, an intensely vulnerable part of the international trading community, and everything — from work to bread — depends upon Britain's ability to trade. In the last five years, the British have enjoyed, together with every other European producer, all the advantages of the post-war sellers' market. They have also received Marshall Aid to assist them with their dollar purchases, and Marshall Aid itself was the sequel to the American loan to Britain, concluded at the end of the war. But these extraneous conditions are coming to an end — more slowly perhaps than anyone expected, but surely. The buyers' market is returning in the world, and although devaluation has postponed the crisis in Britain's balance of payments, the facts of devaluation must impinge upon the internal structure of the economy.

Prices are beginning to rise. The pressure to increase wages will increase with them. It can only be a matter of time before a new spurt of inflation compels the Government to reconsider its economic policy. The need will be all the greater in that external aid from the United States is being steadily reduced all the time. No Government could in these circumstances continue with the present policy of both attempting to control inflation and yet indulging in inflationary expenditure. Some of the expenditures of the British community, even the desirable ones, would have to be cut. Yet the aims of this expenditure are so desirable that any Government would shrink from using the knife.

Nor is it simply a domestic problem. The need of the Colonies for development and of the new Dominions for economic assistance is so great that it is difficult to assess which course would have the more unfortunate consequence — to continue the policy of large releases from the sterling balances, or to risk the political disturbances which might follow upon cutting them off.

A deadlock of such proportions might seem to provide sufficient worry for Britain's hard-pressed statesmen. The British, unfortunately, face another only slightly less pressing, in the field of their foreign relations. The grim necessity of combating Communist expansion is very generally accepted. There is also general, though rather grudging, acceptance of the idea that the cold war can hardly be waged effectively unless closer forms of association between Western Europe, the British Commonwealth, and the United States are evolved.

With this general objective in mind, the British Government has in the last two years taken a num-

ber of steps which seem to advance in that direction. It has joined with its European neighbors in the Brussels Pact. It has participated in the Council of Europe. It has joined with Western Europe and the United States in setting up the North Atlantic Defense Council. It has set up a small committee for permanent discussion between Britain, Canada, and the United States in Washington. The difficulty lies in knowing what precisely this policy now entails. Is the logical consequence of joining the Council of Europe to move forward towards a Western European Customs Union? Should the "integration of a single Western European market" take precedence over the vital necessity of maintaining full employment at home?

A similar uncertainty hangs over British relations with the Commonwealth. After the conference at Colombo, it was decided to set up a committee in Canberra to evolve a Commonwealth Economic Plan for Southeast Asia, but can such a plan be carried through without further adding to inflationary pressure in Britain? Above all, what is to be the pattern of future relations with the United States? What can closer economic relations mean with a giant economy whose productive and competitive power might swamp Britain completely if the barriers of protection and national sovereignty were in any way removed? Once again, it seems that British policy has reached a position of deadlock in which to advance further seems to jeopardize cherished and strongly guarded domestic achievements such as full employment, yet to stand still might mean the losing of the cold war.

2

THESE two great uncertainties provided the background to the general elections of February, and it is perhaps a measure of the bewilderment, and indeed paralysis, which has crept into official thinking on both scores that the issues were not even discussed in the electoral campaigns. Foreign policy played no part in the election at all. Europe was not mentioned. Future relations with the United States were not discussed. At one point, Mr. Churchill's appeal for an understanding with Russia on the question of the hydrogen bomb did raise a flicker of interest on the conduct of foreign affairs, but it died as quickly as it had been born. Equally, no party discussed how Britain could as a trading nation, vulnerable to all the movements of the world economy, maintain its standards and its work in the coming years.

In retrospect, it seems that the election was fought on one issue only — that of full employment — and on this the Conservatives were as dogmatic as the Labor Party itself. The Conservative Party program included every social benefit promised by Labor and even added one or two of its own.

The Labor Party in its turn based its campaign

upon the claim that it had secured full employment for five years, and the strongest point in its attack upon the Conservatives was the comparison with the thirties, during which the number of unemployed rarely fell below two million. Specific policies for maintaining full employment in an unfavorable international environment were not mentioned. The financing of full employment was not discussed. The implications of foreign policy in relation to full employment did not reach a single speaker's notes, and it may be that the simplicity of the issue, coupled with the unanimity of the two great parties upon it, really explains the division of the country into two almost equal parts.

It is true that the vote shows some structural differences. Industrial workers in the bigger towns tended to vote Labor; men and women living on the land tended to vote Conservative. So too did those living in the dormitory communities round London. But undoubtedly a large number of workingmen and trade-unionists voted for the Conservatives, and a large cross section of the middle class did not swerve from their allegiance to Labor. The reason for the appearance of this equal division may therefore be that with both parties committed to the welfare state and full employment in domestic politics, and in the foreign field to opposition to Russia in the cold war, neither side was decisive enough or different enough to secure the advantage.

Probably under one condition only could this even division have been avoided at the last election. The Labor Party might have gone to the country saying: "We have worked for five years and introduced a number of changes. If you return us, we pledge ourselves not to make new experiments but to consolidate the progress that has been made. We will not nationalize new industries. We will try to secure the efficient functioning of those nationalized already." With such a program, they might have secured sufficient marginal seats to give them a working majority. Instead, they loaded their program with fresh projects for nationalization, such as that of sugar and cement, which everyone recognized as senseless, and undoubtedly they lost a proportion of votes on this issue. That they were conscious of this danger themselves is proved by their complete silence on the issue of nationalization during the electoral campaign.

Equally, the Conservatives might have won a working majority if they had not been still burdened with the weight of their past. The massive unemployment of the thirties still colors men's minds and prevents complete confidence in the Conservative pledge that full employment is now their aim. The difference can perhaps be summed up by saying that the people who feared Labor because of its future were balanced by those who feared Conservatism because of its past, and thus neither side could secure a clear lead.

The outcome of the election gives very little guide

to the future. True, if no external event were to break in upon the deadlock of British politics, the present indecisive result might be maintained for some time. The fact is, however, that circumstances will change and that the deadlock will be broken one way or the other. But the situation that would then arise cannot be deduced from the results of the last election. The first reason has already been explained. It is quite simply that in the electoral campaign neither side discussed how it would maintain full employment and the welfare state if economic conditions were to become extremely unfavorable. But this is only a superficial reason. It reflects the deeper fact that neither party really knows.

The Conservative conversion to the ideal of full employment is doubtless sincere, but there is no theorist of free-enterprise economics, nor any practitioner of free-enterprise politics, who really knows how the fluctuations connected with the trade cycle can be ironed out, or how a trading community can, when times are hard, sell to markets that are closing or buy when its own reserves of foreign currency are running out. The problem in Britain is particularly acute since no amount of internal financing to counter the beginnings of a depression would ensure essential supplies of raw materials which can be obtained only by purchases overseas.

But Labor has no policy either. For fifty years, Socialist thinking has tended to assume that if the "means of production, distribution, and exchange" were transferred to public ownership, the problems of the trade cycle would vanish. The early Fabians never talked about planning, and as the Labor Party grew to maturity, the general assumption prevailed that the trade cycle was simply a piece of capitalist wickedness. These last five years have shown that nationalization is very largely irrelevant to the problem of full employment, and that the techniques that have to be learned lie rather in the field of finance and foreign trade. But in these fields, it is difficult to give a dogmatic answer. There are theorists in the Labor Party — including indeed one or two Cabinet Ministers — who believe that full employment can be maintained as economic circumstances worsen by imposing more controls, by extending still further bilateralism in foreign trade and encouraging more and more bulk purchase and barter. Yet, for a trading nation such as Britain, these methods might undermine its intensely lucrative position as banker and agent for a vast trading area, and their outcome, far from leading to full employment, might impoverish the nation still further.

Nor is it simply in the domestic field that this confusion of thought reigns. Although the Conservatives may appear more favorable to the idea of closer association with Western Europe, their published papers and speeches give no more evidence than do those of the Labor Party that they have any idea

of what new types of economic and political coöperation such an effort at democratic union would entail. There are old tried methods which date from more liberal periods — customs unions, currency unions — and there are, on the other hand, the more doubtful expedients which date from the troubled years between the wars — international cartels, for instance. But the types of association possible in an epoch in which governments have taken so great a responsibility for economic policy, and in which the demand for social security and full employment has become so much more insistent, are not known in Britain. Transport House, the Foreign Office, the Federation of British Industries, the Athenaeum — the learned societies — are equally in the dark. It is possible that rather more people are groping about and feeling for the door in one or other of these institutions, but it is certain that no one yet has found the way out.

3

IT WOULD be misleading to suggest that these doubts and dilemmas are confined to the British people. The two great unanswered problems which are holding the British community in a species of paralysis appear in more or less the same form throughout the free world. As the post-war boom passes and the pressure to buy goods at any cost slackens, the problem of maintaining a prosperous and stable economy begins to impinge upon every democratic government. Nor in the twelve months that have seen the discovery that Russia has the atomic bomb, the collapse of China, and the recrudescence of violent Communist sabotage in France can any free society ignore the threat of the cold war.

Indeed, the two problems are very closely linked together. Marx's economics may have been nonsense and his faith in the beneficence of proletarian dictatorship absurd, but his prophecies of instability and recurrent crisis in capitalist society and his belief that at regular intervals more wealth would be produced than the system could distribute have become the stock in trade of Communism's attack upon the free world. Every broadcast from Moscow, every speech, every slogan, every peace campaign, concentrates upon the instability of economic life in the democracies and prophesies that the West cannot escape the unemployment, the destruction of stocks in order to maintain prices, the coexistence of hunger and "surplus" food, which, the Communists cry, are inevitable consequences of a false economy.

In 1950, it would take a bold man to say that the Western world has a clear strategy for countering this, the most pervasive and disruptive aspect of the cold war. The tremendous initiative which the Western powers secured through the launching of the Marshall Plan has slackened. Its immediate

target — the restoration of European production — has been achieved; but the wider problem — the creation of a flexible, prosperous, and expanding world economy — demands policies and techniques of which the democracies are yet unaware.

Meanwhile, even the signs of momentum within each national economy are slackening. Considerable unemployment has appeared in various parts of Western Europe; in America, the economy is maintaining itself rather than expanding, and surplus stocks of food have begun to accumulate. Paradoxically, it is in Britain and the sterling area, where supplies are inadequate, that a policy of expanding monetary demand is being pursued, while in the dollar area, where surpluses are growing, the tendency is for demand — both domestic and external — to fall.

If the economics of the free world are faltering and uncertain, political action offers no compensation. Britain's hesitations to undertake full European policy are matched by Germany's doubts whether it can really survive without Eastern Europe, or by France's fear to commit itself to full-blooded opposition to a Russia that may yet invade the West. And although Americans may well be startled by these hesitations, it seems nevertheless likely that American policy has not yet fully determined whether the British Commonwealth is a valued partner or a dangerous legacy of past imperialism, or whether the sterling area is one of the preconditions of international commerce or a dangerous rival to dollar trade. The doubts and hesitations which inhibit Britain's foreign policies are as strong — if less explicit — among its neighbors.

The Western world has as yet made no final commitment to form a lasting union. On the contrary, each nation feels itself to have reached the limit of concession compatible with still drawing back. Such a position is the essence of deadlock. No progress can be made for fear of conceding too much; no retreat is possible for fear of losing what has already been gained.

It is not likely that this "dead point" in the politics of the Western world — of which the British elections are only a particular example — can last for long. Communism is too explosive a force to permit permanent deadlock, and at some not very distant moment the Western nations will be compelled to decide whether to retake the initiative and win the cold war or accept a slow decline into Communist domination. There is no doubt — from the evidence of elections which eliminated Communist representation and wiped out even the fellow travelers — that the British people would rally wholeheartedly to the former course. But it is also possible that the nature of their economic and political deadlock may prevent them from giving a lead to the West. It is on the other side of the Atlantic that the resources, the prosperity, and the freedom of action for such an initiative lie today.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Each year the Atlantic awards prizes for the best short story, essay, and poem which have been produced in those college classes using the Atlantic in their English composition. The prize-winning short story for 1949 is by MONTY CULVER, who wrote it in his senior year at the University of Pittsburgh and under the friendly stimulus of his teacher, Mr. Edwin L. Peterson. It pleases us that Ada McCormick, without knowing of the Atlantic prize, recognized the merit of "Black Water Blues." She bought it, released it to be an Atlantic "First," and will publish it in Letter, her magazine of research and recognition in Tucson.

BLACK WATER BLUES

by MONTY CULVER

HIS name was Rohrs. They called him the Lion, of course; they could not be expected to do much else. The name was out there with the others, on the big poster by the box office: Bump Roxy and his Famous Blue Band. Featuring Adelia Roxy, Step-Up Tate, "The Lion" Rohrs.

He sat in front of the dimly lighted hall and chorded lightly with long knobby fingers on eighty-eight keys. The hall was beginning to fill. Couples straggled through the door, circling timidly around the vastness of the bare dance floor, staring at the young white man who sat on the piano stool. A few were young: tall buck Negroes in high-hitched pants and bulging shoulder pads; girls in gay dresses, giggling up at their grinning escorts. But most of the early comers were the older folks, who came to listen only and not to dance. They came before eight o'clock to get the choice seats underneath or at the ends of the footlights. Often they sat without moving for the whole five or six hours, tapping their shoes along with the big bass, flashing grins that gleamed weirdly in their black and brown faces.

The Lion Rohrs sat alone on the big stage, playing gently, quietly, to the early comers. He had learned that it took the Negroes a little time to get used to the idea of a white man playing in a colored man's band. He usually managed to get up on the stage while the others were unpacking the paraphernalia.

He looked up from the keyboard and into the eyes of a staring young couple across the lights. He grinned at them — a savage grin, a grin of joy born

of the chords that chortled under the long hands. And the couple grinned back.

He pressed the loud pedal and did a sudden trick in the bass, watching an older couple sitting near the stage. As they jerked their heads up, he winked at them, into their startled faces, and heard their laughter, clear and relieved.

Tonight a few white men were out there to listen. That would be a nuisance. Bump Roxy hated to play to white men. But there was no sense worrying about it now.

Bump strode from the wings, nodding curtly to Rohrs. Stagehands followed him on and began setting up the traps on the platform in center stage.

"Here sits the Lion, warmin' up the audience," said Sam Lester. The others straggled in: Hadley the number one horn man, LeRoy Bunner with his guitar, Clarence Jackson, the incomparable Step-Up Tate. Tate and Willie Shepherd stopped beside the Lion. He cocked an eyebrow at them and rolled the treble playfully.

"M-m, mm," Willie sighed. "That Lion, you just never know what he's gonna do next."

"Lion, he don't know what he'll do his damn self." Step-Up chuckled and touched Rohrs lightly on the arm before moving away.

It was funny, the Lion thought, funny how easy it was to get along — with everybody but Bump, at least. All you had to do was smile most of the time and play music all the time. The music was the thing, of course; it sometimes thawed even Bump Roxy's scowling distrust. He had sold him-

self to Bump by sitting on a piano stool and touching the keys as he talked.

"Man, it wouldn't work," Bump had said. "It wouldn't work at all. I ain't taking on no white man. . . . Man, play some more. Play that damn thing some more."

Rohrs looked up at Bump, sitting up on the high chair behind the traps, the sticks in his hands. Oh, Lord! thought the Lion, for Bump was glaring across the lights at the little knot of white men in the near corner of the floor. Most of them were all right — kids, college kids maybe, who paid their way into a colored dance hall to hear the music they wore out on records. But a couple of them, big smirking men in sport coats, looked mean. The lights distorted their faces, but Rohrs could see the coats and the sport shirts with the tight-buttoned, long-pointed collars — the uniform of the toughs.

It was bad enough when there were just decent white men out there for Bump to glare at. A couple of mean ones might spoil the whole show. They might make cracks at Adelia, and that would really be something. Bump usually tolerated a white audience, but it was different when his wife came into it. He had raised a lot of sand in St. Louis when a white man had just whistled at his wife. And he had snapped at the Lion for a week afterward.

The Lion watched Bump grip the sticks. Bump Roxy was a great drummer and a great musician. He told them when they overdid it or underdid it; he mapped the order of the solos. He held the band together.

It was worth holding together, the Blue Band. They were one of the few low-down outfits left in the country, perhaps the only great one. To Rohrs they were a way of life. He had left home to play piano against his family's wishes. When he joined the Blue Band, a year ago, he had written of it to his father. There had been no reply.

He watched Bump drop his eyes to the drums, touch the sticks to the snare. The muttering roll grew slowly, rising, fading, then higher still. Rohrs, although he had heard the theme a thousand times, held his breath until he heard the alto wail, the shuddering note of Step-Up's break.

It was a loafer for the Lion, nothing but rhythm and a couple of quick breaks. He glared from Adelia's empty chair to the wings, wondering where she was, what the hell she was doing. Bump always got sore when she was late getting on, and Bump would be sore tonight as it was, with those two nasty-looking white fellows out there. Besides, she had to do *It Ain't Necessarily So* in the first set.

Then, while he worried, Adelia came. She glided out of the shadows of the wings in her bold red gown, dazzling band and audience with her smile. The dance hall sighed.

And she spoiled Bump's big drum break. She walked on and grabbed at the eyes and minds of the

audience just when they should have been fixed on the wooden blur over the tomtoms. The Lion thought, I wonder if she did that on purpose.

As she sat down, someone in the white corner whistled. Bump jerked his head up and stared dead-pan over the lights. Rohrs heard Clarence Jackson's fingers stumble on the big fiddle.

They played a couple of pops for the dancers, and it was time for *It Ain't Necessarily So* — the bawl of Hadley's muted trumpet, Lester's slim clear notes on the clarinet. And Adelia with her head bent a little to one side, Adelia calling to the lovers in her husky voice. When she finished and the band started another dance tune, she came and stood by the piano. As the saxes played, she leaned down and gave the Lion that brilliant smile.

"How was I?" she asked. "Better than usual?"

"There's nothing better than your usual," he replied, and she laughed and touched his shoulder. Even as she did it, as the brown hand rested there for a second, he saw her eyes flicker over his head, up to Bump on the high chair, looking for a reaction.

Damn it, Rohrs thought, I wish she'd cut that out. He gets sore at me often enough as it is. Aloud he said, "Why don't you put that thing away?"

"What thing?"

"That needle you're stickin' in him all the time," Rohrs said. She giggled, and he grinned at her. He went on, "No kidding, you better lay off him. There's a couple guys out front he don't seem to like the looks of."

"He just frets about them on account of me," she said. "If he ain't got sense enough to know better, let him worry."

She walked away and sat down in her chair; it stood at the end nearest the white corner, the Lion noticed. He shook his head, worrying.

He had been warned about that situation when he first joined the band. On the night of his first trip with them, he had ridden alone in the coupe with Sam Lester. He had asked questions by the dozen, anything about the band that came into his head. And naturally he asked about Adelia.

"Bump and Adelia married?"

Lester looked sidewise at him. "Yeah, they're married. That's a good thing for you to remember."

"Jesus! Do I look like forgetting it?"

"Lots of white men do," Lester grunted. "Lots of white men come to hear the band try to make her forget it. Lots of colored men, too. We had a horn player once, tried to fool around with Adelia. Bump damn near kill that man. Hard to tell what he'd do to a white man. Damn if I ever want to see."

Rohrs had remembered that. He was friendly when he talked to Adelia, but he only did it when he had to, and he was always careful to avoid giving any impression of talking confidentially to her. Even then, Bump sometimes resented it.

Clarence Jackson once told the Lion that Bump had a sister who ran off with a white man. That

would explain a lot. If Adelia knew that, she ought to have more sense than to dog him all the time.

Another time Step-Up Tate had said, "That man crazy about that woman. He ought to tell her so more often." The Lion was still thinking about that as they wound up the fox trot. Bump Roxy shoved a handkerchief across his scowling face. He sat staring at the drums.

Rohrs was suddenly concerned. Bump always wanted to play loud when he was mad; he liked to hit the drums as he would hit the heads of the whistling white men; he liked to hear the horns open up and blast, maybe blow the leering faces off the floor.

That was all right, but they weren't in shape to blast. It was nine o'clock and they had nothing but a few dance numbers behind them. They would blow their brains out on anything like High Low Jack or Shattered Slumber. . . .

Bump lifted his head and called it. "Shattered Slumber."

The Lion said, "Hold it now." He slid off the stool, grinning, seeing the startled faces of the band staring up at Bump. When he stood by the drums, he said, "Man, you know better than that."

"Goddamn it, Lion . . ."

"Man, it ain't ready, it ain't ripe," the Lion went on. "We ain't ready and the audience ain't ready. You got to build up to a thing like that. You know that." It was true; the boys would kill themselves and the audience wouldn't give a damn.

"That's right, Bump," Sam Lester said. "You know that."

"I figured it was Lion's time," Bump said lamely. There was a long piano solo in Shattered Slumber. "I figured it was Lion's time for a big one. Everybody else had one."

"Crosstown, then," said the Lion. "Crosstown, if it's my time. It's too early for the other."

Bump's face was sullen. Rohrs grinned at him and said confidentially, "Man, we can't all warm up as quick as you do."

He walked away, chuckling at the relief in the faces of Hadley and Step-Up, winking at Willie Shepherd. He wondered how mad Bump would be.

They played the Crosstown Blues. Nobody would ruin himself on melancholy Crosstown, but it was something, just the same. The horns started: Hadley, Step-Up, and Lester, in turn, wailing the mournful one-bar phrase, then together. They held one, cut it off.

The Lion broke, with tingling chords. He talked to Step-Up for a while, piano and sax alternating and then mixing in dialogue. There were little appreciative chortles from the faces that crowded each other and peered over the edge of the stage.

The horns swept it up again and carried a chorus, fading, dying into silence. Bump took a rimshot. The Lion rolled one, high on the keyboard, held it, did tricks with it. He broke it, walked his hand

down the board. With the left he reached deep down for the boogie bass.

They said that the Lion had it; everyone who knew, who had ever heard him, said so. He had the touch, they said: the touch of the great ones that had gone before; the touch that twitched the muscles and boiled the blood. There is music that can grow only of the love of music, and its greatest and supreme thrill is in its playing. This the Lion knew.

He gave it back to the horns, and the yells at the solo's end drowned even the trumpet. He wiped sweat from the corners of his eyes and swiveled on the stool to watch the boys finish it up. As his head swung, he saw the ugly smiles on the faces of the two white men who stared up at Adelia.

It was midnight, fourth intermission time. The Lion, alone, leaned against the wall outside the stage door and watched the rain drizzling into the alley. It pattered in the puddles and dribbled from the roof's edge over his head. He knew that the puddles were dirty, black with the soot and grime of the mill town, and he grinned, singing his song to himself.

I wake up in the mornin
Black water drippin from the eaves
I wake up in the mornin
Black water drippin from the eaves
It's runnin in the gutters
Soakin down the grass and leaves

Bump Roxy said, "Move youh goddamn chair!"

The Lion jerked away from the wall. The voice was so close that he was sure it spoke to him, but when he looked around the edge of the door he saw Bump and Adelia in the tiny vestibule.

"What you talking about?" said Adelia.

"You hear what I say. I say move that goddamn chair!"

"Why should I?"

"You know why. You know I don't like them men lookin' at you," Bump said. His fingers clenched.

"What harm that do you?"

"That's all right. I don't like the way you look at them, either!"

"How can you tell how I look when you sittin' up there behind me?" Adelia was angry now, Rohrs realized. "You talk like you crazy. In the first place, I move my chair, those men move right with me if they want to. In the second place, I can't move my chair anywhere without sittin' right in front of somebody. You must be out youh head."

She stalked back toward the stage. Bump, following, yelled, "And stay away from that goddamn Lion, too!"

Rohrs shook his head. He thought of Step-Up saying, "Crazy about her. Ought to tell her so more often." He shrugged and walked back to the stage, flopping his hands loosely from the wrists,

wriggling and drooping the fingers, trying to relax them. The last set was coming up.

The last set was the big one. It was mostly their own stuff, and it was all what they loved to play. The fox-trotters had heard their last ballad, and they knew it; they moved from the edges of the hall and crowded toward the stage.

The last set had Shattered Slumber — the shouting horns, the thunder of the drums, the hilarious vocal dialogue between Jackson and Shepherd. The last set had Basement Stuff, and High Low Jack, and Adelia singing the haunting Ride On. The crowd gulped it and howled for more. They groped over the edge of the stage with their hands, trying to pull more music from the grinning, sweating players.

Bump did a specialty. Rohrs turned and watched admiringly. That man is great, he thought, great enough that this white-audience business is going to hurt him some day. . . .

It was time for Adelia's last song, The Man I Love. Hadley stood up and scatted it, and the bawl of the trumpet filled the hall, made the Lion shiver. And Adelia sang.

The guitar carried the accompaniment alone, and the Lion had turned to look. Oh, Jesus! he thought. . . .

She was singing it at the toughs, at the two leering white men who stood directly below her. She swayed her body, and smiled and flicked her eyes at the two men.

This is going to be bad, the Lion thought as he had to swing back to the piano. This is going to be hell.

And when, at the end of the number, he fearfully turned again, what he saw was so unexpected that he literally rubbed his eyes and looked again. The two men were gone.

He didn't have much time to wonder about it. Bump called them into a huddle. He was wet all over; he wiped his eyes and cheeks as he talked. "Now Black Water," he said hoarsely. "Black Water, and then we got to slack it off. We got to tone it down or they'll never let us out of here."

Black Water Blues was the Lion's favorite specialty. He had written it himself, and it was a little poetry, and a lot of sadness, and all the old-time blues scheme and rhythm. It was the only thing he ever sang. He was no Cab Calloway, but he carried a tune well enough, and he could put the mourning in his voice.

Black water is somethin
Lord that I sure do hate
Black water is somethin
That I sure do hate
Fortune teller told me
Black water gonna be my fate

He stroked the keyboard and listened to the soft play of the band. The thing was his and theirs at

the same time. They had taken it in; they played it happily, lovingly. And the audience strained forward over the lights.

I wake up in the mornin
Black water in my bed
I go to eat my breakfast
Black water in my bread
Well I believe
Believe I better go my way
Black water gonna haunt me
Until my dying day

I had myself a woman
She liked to dress in red
I found her in black water
Found her lyin dead
Well I believe
Believe I'll go far far away
Black water gonna dog me
Until that judgment day

The crowd yelled and clapped. The boys were grinning. Jackson leaned over and hit him on the back. Rohrs gave LeRoy the flat-hand sign of approval for the guitar solo. It was all good: the joy of playing it and the sadness of hearing it; the way the crowd clapped and the boys grinned.

A stagehand stood in the wings, trying to get Adelia's attention. She heard his whisper and walked to him. He said something, pointing offstage, and she nodded and went off, out of sight. The Lion watched her go out, wondering.

They played three more, quietly and sweetly, tapering-off tunes to calm the audience so that they could quit. Then it was closing time, theme time, and Adelia had not returned. Bump was scowling again. The Lion shook his head in disgust. She was going too far, not being on stage at theme time.

The drums rolled again, and Step-Up broke. He had finished, and Hadley was standing, when the terrified face of the stagehand appeared over the piano. "Man! Man, there's trouble!" He was almost crying.

"What's wrong?"

"End it! End it, man, quick!"

"Start the curtain down," said the Lion, and called out, in the singsong, syncopated voice that they used for communicating during numbers, "Knock it off, right now! There's trouble brewin'!"

They stared at him, but Hadley cut the solo, and they blew the final blare as the curtain fell.

Then everything happened fast. The stagehand cried out, "I didn't mean nothin'! I didn't know nothin' was wrong!" and the manager, calmer, said, "Mistuh Roxy, I'm afraid youh wife hurt bad."

Then they all charged off and were in time to see two stagehands carrying Adelia through the hall backstage — Adelia with her red gown torn mostly off, and what was left smeared and dripping with the dirty water from the alley; Adelia crying in little gasps of amazement and horror. . . .

Bump Roxy roared and the stagehand gibbered and the manager soothed; a doctor followed the bearers into a dressing room, and Bump plunged after them.

"Two white men," the guilty stagehand babbled to the frozen band. "Two white men told me ask Mrs. Roxy come out 'n' autograph . . ."

"You know you hadn't ought to do nothin' like that!"

"I didn't know nothin' was wrong! They gimme five dollahs. Jesus, I didn't know nothin' was wrong!" The manager guided him gently away.

There was an old piano in the end of the tiny hallway, near the dressing-room door. The Lion sat heavily on the stool. A stack of folding chairs was heaped against the wall; the band opened them and sat down, lined along the hall, waiting for the door to open.

Rohrs was staring at the keyboard when someone touched his arm. LeRoy Bunner's face was grave. "You better get out of here, man."

The Lion shook his head.

"Lion, you crazy. Don't you know what them men done to Adelia? It ain't gonna be safe out here for no white man."

"You might be right," said the Lion. He touched the keys softly, hit a B-flat chord.

"I tell you that man like to kill somebody," LeRoy said. He looked around for support.

"Let him be," Step-Up said. "The Lion, maybe he know what he's doin'."

"Bump gonna go for the first white man he sees!"

"That's all right," the Lion said. "This way he won't have to go out in the street and chase one." Old Step-Up, he thought, he sees it, he sees it like I do. He started to play quietly. He took a simple, four-note walking bass figure and worked over it gently, playing sadness. LeRoy looked around, licked his lips, and then sat down.

The Lion played, waiting.

It was for Bump, so that he wouldn't go raging the streets and get arrested. But it was for more than that; Rohrs knew it and Step-Up had seen it. It was for the great Bump Roxy, who might never be able to face another white audience if this wasn't handled right. It was for the music: for Crosstown and Shattered Slumber, and the Black Water Blues that might never be played again; for the grins and flat-hand signs when they finished one. It was for Adelia, and for himself. It was for Bump Roxy and his Blue Band.

He did not look up when the door opened and the footsteps came out slowly and then stopped. He heard Bump move toward him, felt him standing directly behind. He made himself stay loose when the huge hand touched his shoulders and the back of his neck.

The hand did not move; it lay there gently. He did not let himself sigh; he sat and played the blues. He did not look up even when the hand began to tremble and he heard the ugly, harsh sobs.

The chords rippled the stillness of the room.



EL GRECO PAINTS THE CAPE

by FREDERICK EBRIGHT

Who paints Toledo under a sullen sulphurous storm-black sky,
Spire and arch and pediment suffused with nacreous steely light,
Could well paint Marblehead, the end of summer singing under storm,
The lowered grape-dark sky, the gulls, the clapboard houses screaming white.

Even the long, the storm-blown waves are as the hands the artist paints,
Laid with a subtle violence upon the shore, the fractured rock:
Not yet the rain, but in the white, white, whitecaps imminent,
And (as in the painting) the cryptic landscape resolute for shock.

And presuppose the dark gaunt pine for olive and darker cypress trees,
The ominous moment for ominous moment the rain will spill:
White faces and white houses against the ink-washed sky, the iron swell,
And ready for the signature: El Greco's brush is on them still.



American novelist, sportsman, and critic, PHILIP WYLIE writes prose that cracks like a whip, as anyone knows who has read his *Generation of Vipers*. He left Princeton at the end of three years to work as a press agent and then as one of the editors of the *New Yorker* and as a film writer. Today, as a free lance, he does most of his writing in Florida, and between books he travels to New York or Europe to recharge his batteries.

HOW TO ADMIRE WRITERS

by PHILIP WYLIE

1

AND YOU WRITE ABOUT BROTHERLY LOVE
EXCLAMATION POINT I SENT YOU A LETTER
BUT NO REPLY STOP I TRIED TO PHONE WHEN
IN MIAMI ONLY TO FIND YOUR NUMBER UN-
LISTED STOP SENT YOU A MS TO READ AND NO
RESPONSE STOP FORWARDED ONE OF YOUR
BOOKS FOR AUTOGRAPH MONTH AGO AND STILL
NOTHING FROM YOU STOP HYPOCRITE EXCLAMA-
TION POINT

THE above telegram came only yesterday. It was signed by an angry gentleman whom we shall call Mr. Smith—a stranger to me. He lived in Portland, Oregon. Mr. Smith evidently had been an admirer of my essays, novels, and/or fishing stories. He had made an intense effort to reach me—without success. Now he was indignant. It seemed to Mr. Smith that my failure to answer his letter promptly, to be accessible on the phone, to read his manuscript, and to autograph and mail back the book he had sent to me, furnished proof that I was not, as he'd thought, a good Joe—but a heel.

That unhappy situation is common to many American authors. It is common to artists in other fields. Distinguished professional men are sometimes the victims of it. For the average American citizen has been conditioned to regard all so-called celebrities as identical. "Celebrities" in businesses and industries do have facilities and expense accounts for dealing with "fans"—movie stars in particular. But those who have attained some degree of note by individual effort generally lack the office machinery and personnel to cope with an enthusiastic public.

Here, therefore, is the letter I ought now to send Mr. Smith:—

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your wire, *et al.*, received. During the period of your bombardments, have written two serials and

part of a novel. I have been serving on half a dozen boards, committees, and directorates, in work of a public nature for which I receive no remuneration. I have also been building a new house and moving in. I have a family to take care of. My wife, who acts as my secretary, has been seriously ill. At the moment we have no maid and I am cooking our meals. For some days I have been preparing back years of income tax reports for review, at the request of the Internal Revenue Bureau. These are a few *samples* of my many vicissitudes and occupations.

Please be advised, then, that I am nearly *two years* behind in answering my fan mail. Several *thousand* letters await acknowledgment. I have on hand more than three hundred manuscripts, unsolicited by me—along with scores of books sent for autograph. No return postage and no self-addressed envelope were enclosed with most of these. Not a single sender of a book for autograph, including you, has yet realized that a book, once signed, becomes First Class Mail according to postal regulations and must be returned at the rate of three cents per ounce.

It is a great inconvenience to me to have an "un-listed" telephone number. It runs against my grain; it annoys my friends. The device became necessary after my fishing stories grew popular in a national magazine. On one day when our number was listed in the Miami Directory my family and I took twenty-three phone calls from strangers. All but two of those callers sought data on where and when and with what guide to go fishing. So, to retain a listed number was not only to subject my family and myself to incessant harassment but to keep our incoming wire blocked by calls which should rightly have gone to the Chamber of Commerce.

I cannot afford at this time to hire additional secretaries to deal with my accumulated mail. To read the books, booklets, and manuscripts sent to me would take more time than there are hours in every day. To autograph and return the copy of my book which you forwarded would require a trip downtown for the purchase of a cardboard mailer, a search of my house for twine, glue, and wrapping paper, the

autographing itself, and a second journey to the Post Office — where I would stand in line to mail the book. It would also take an outlay of about thirty cents for postage. And if I were able to interrupt all other necessary tasks, including my writing, to do that for you, I would feel obliged to do as much some *hundreds of times over* to satisfy similar “claims” laid upon me. That would require the entire balance of my working time in the year 1950.

The above letter would not in any way satisfy Mr. Smith, however. Far from it! He would be outraged the more. Had not he taken the trouble, personally, to type a twelve-page (single-spaced) letter praising (and criticizing) my work? To forward his best and most precious (unpublished) literary attempt? To try to “look me up” when he visited my town? And had he not spent three dollars to buy a book for my autograph? Mr. Smith is very dear to Mr. Smith. The fact that “Mr. Smiths” pour into my life a dozen a day, or more, does not interest any particular Mr. Smith. He feels he has admired my work — and done a lot to show it; hence the least I could do would be to react in kind.

I know this to be true because, some years ago, I prepared a polite version of the above missive and used it, as a “form” letter, for numerous such situations. Only about one “Mr. Smith” (or Miss, or Mrs.) in twenty wrote back with any understanding of my dilemma. The rest were sorer than ever. Some even threatened to sue on the grounds that I had “stolen” their copy of my book.

In the end — up to now, at least — I have always eventually caught up with my fan mail. Every year or so I have hired one or more extra secretaries and for a month or two devoted myself exclusively to the task. It has cost me many thousands of dollars. And it has brought me scant thanks from my correspondents. Perhaps they were burning with enthusiasm when they wrote; perhaps burning with rage; in either case, a reply so long delayed fell upon diminished sentiment. Indeed, many who received my replies wrote again to say they had completely forgotten their original missive.

If you send a letter to a movie star, the chances are a thousand to one the star will not answer you in person even though the answer seems to be a personal note. The chances are a hundred to one the star will never see your letter. You will get your “autographed photograph” pronto — but it will be sent by the studio publicity department and the signature will be a forgery.

If you write to a businessman or a politician, you’ll be promptly answered; such persons have the facilities for mass correspondence. But if you write to an author — who else is there to receive your letter but the man himself? He will undoubtedly open it, undoubtedly read it if it is legible and no

matter what it says. Then — he will undoubtedly toss it into a box, basket, carton, trunk, or drawer and go on with his work — promising himself to answer you presently, and growing dejected as the weeks pass and letters like yours pile up.

2

My experience with this phenomenon began shortly after the publication of a book called *Generation of Vipers*. A great many people liked the book. Overnight, the occasional fan letter I’d hitherto received turned into a deluge. “Celebrities” wrote me — and plain people. College presidents, bank presidents, professors, tycoons, great scientists, sent letters. No fewer than five movie stars wrote *me* fan letters! Farmers and garage mechanics and plumbers and carpenters came forward with thousands of epistles. And I undertook to answer every one. Before a year was out, I’d written, in my replies, *three times as many words as there were in the book!* With the same time and energy I could easily have done another.

At the end of that year, I was forced to stop answering my mail for a while in order to have an unoccupied period in which I could work. Ever since, I have lived sheepishly and helplessly behind moraines of waiting mail — as does every writer I know whose work has become “popular.” His public, for whom he writes and upon whom he depends, is also his nemesis.

Gradually it has dawned on me that something should be done. Some author should make an effort to explain. For we are ordinary, busy people, with private lives as demanding as your own. Most of us put every hour our nervous systems can stand into what we call our art, or profession, or — perhaps — racket. Little energy is left over for the busman’s holiday of correspondence. Friends and relatives of authors know this and do not expect lively, constant missives from them. Authors know it, of course, and when they write each other a word of acclaim or encouragement, they nearly always add, “For heaven’s sake, old man, don’t bother to reply!” Or words to that effect.

If you are greatly taken by a book remember that. Have no hesitation in saying so. Your written appreciation is the strongest tonic for the difficult and unsure life of a writer. I remember, once, dashing off a note of enthusiasm for an essay in a magazine — appending, of course, the sentence about not needing a reply — only to get back, almost by return mail, a note from the author saying that he had been hopeless and disconsolate when my praise arrived. The note got his chin up again; it just happened to reach him at a crucial instant. So — write and tell your favorite authors you like their work. And be sure to invite them to refrain from answering!

If that suggestion vaguely riles you in respect to

any letter of your own, ask yourself a few questions. Is your letter to an author a genuine attempt to thank him *and nothing else*? Or is it, perhaps, also an effort to show off? To reveal that you beat him to his great thoughts? Or to show, by imitation, that you can employ his glittering style? Or is your letter an attempt to get aid for yourself — free criticism of *your* verse or prose, advice about dealing with editors, an introduction to a literary agent, a list of books to read? If it is any of these last, ask yourself whether or not you would write to a prominent doctor or lawyer for similar free professional services. An author is just as hard-pressed, and probably he has no full-time secretary — perhaps not even a part-time one!

You would not dream, I am sure, of doing anything that would make a nationally known corporation executive leave his desk, drive several miles to town, and spend some of his own money to provide you with an object to treasure. But when you send a book to an author for an autograph, without a self-addressed mailer on which is adequate first class postage, that is what you do to him.

Before me as I write are four such books forwarded to me by one woman for autograph. No paper, string, label, or stamps. On top of them is her first angry letter written when I failed to obey her command instantler. Also the second letter — when I dropped her a card asking for the necessary stamps. In this, she assured me that if I “padded out” the books and sent them parcel post nobody would ever realize I had broken the postal laws. But she sent no stamps even for that crime. I await her third letter with interest.

3

SO FAR, I have spoken largely of praise. Various authors react variously to criticism. Some criticism is valuable but most, in my experience, falls into two categories: (a) criticism by people who have failed or refused to give due scrutiny to the work they question; and (b) niggling.

Under (a) I can report the reception of dozens of furious letters from people who have *never read a line of mine*! “I hear,” these bigots write, “that you stand for so-and-so. I’m agin it — *ergo*, you are a fool, a swine, and un-American.” Others write, “I picked up a copy of your book in a friend’s house and read a few lines. You are completely wrong.” In the United States there are shoals of such flash-tempered monomaniacs — legions of popguns set to go off half-cocked. If you are one, remember that every writer is fairly astute about human nature. It’s his business to be; so your letter may give him a laugh but it will land in his wastebasket. Before you jump to conclusions, read all an author says, not a few lines out of context.

The niggers — and the droves of these are vaster still — take great pride in their discovery of a

trifling error and go to immense lengths to point it out. The effort must be compensation for a deep sense of frustration; or perhaps it is a subconscious effort to appear cleverer than the author. Usually, the fault involved is not the writer’s but the printer’s. For niggers most often pick on typographical errors — sneering as if authors set the type for their own books and for magazines, besides! It is all right to tell an author there is a typographical error in his book; he may take the trouble to have it corrected in the next edition. But it is far more sophisticated to tell the publisher!

It is all right to tell an author about a grammatical error. That is his mistake — and the grammar of American writers needs massive correction. However, I once endeavored to find out how far a correspondent would carry such criticism. A gentleman wrote me indignantly that I had not used the subjunctive in a contrary-to-fact condition. I replied that the condition was not contrary to fact. He then wrote several pages of complaint, citing authorities. I had a leading grammarian answer him, in my defense. He rebutted; and the thing would still be going on if I had not tossed his last six letters in my basket, unopened.

Student-professor heckling of American writers is a large specialty deserving of its own essay. It is a good week when I do not receive a batch of such letters as the following, written, as a rule, in the sloppy hand of the contemporary high school pupil: —

DEAR MR. WYLIE: —

Our class is studying modern American writers and this week we were assigned to do a theme on one. You are my pick. So will you please write immediately telling all about your life, how you became a writer, books published, favorite hobbies, and so forth? Would like also a few lines on your philosophy. Interesting facts of your early years, education, dramatic personal anecdotes, favorite books and why you like them, and any other material that would help.

Sincerely yours,

DOROTHEA DOTTLE

P.S. Please use air mail as my theme is due next week.

I submit that a man who is concerned with the integrity of his work — who is often driven by his efforts near to the edge of distraction — and who is liable to be involved in day-and-night sessions at his desk — has the right to be somewhat vexed when children are encouraged thus to invade his privacy. Teachers do not urge their pupils to request engineers to stop the locomotives of express trains and tell them all about machinery! Yet the very fact that the request comes from a youngster gives it special force. Nobody likes to make a kid think he’s been slighted. Because of that, hundreds of American authors have halted the course

of creative activity, some of them hundreds of times, to help school children with their lessons.

It is always, furthermore, a kind of assistance the author deplors. For these myriads of inquiring students actually want their homework *done for them*. Education ought to teach them how to find facts without assistance. A little research in the library, beginning with *Who's Who*, along with a little perusal of the works of the queried writer, would invariably supply the information they request. But the teachers seem to favor the lazier method; it is easier to bother a man than to consult books. I have taken to sending the kids postcards giving suitable reference works.

And they are not all kids. College students busy themselves with such inquiry. So do professors. From many of these I have received letters asking me to address their classes, to prepare a thesis to be read to their classes, or to send an autographed photograph to be framed and hung in their classrooms or their dens. The collecting of autographed photographs, those of close friends excepted, has always seemed adolescent to me. So I have made it a rule not to encourage it. I want people to read what I write; how I look and how I sign my name seem to me extraneous to that purpose.

4

THE number of people who are curious about how I look is, however, apparently to be reckoned in hundreds of thousands. They are also curious about the looks of my wife, my daughter, and my house. Indeed, some years ago when I built a house on the Miami Beach bay front, it was regularly pointed out by the barkers on sight-seeing boats. The boats passed by several times daily and if I happened to be sitting on my lawn I, too, was pointed out. Innumerable times I heard the megaphoned voice float over the murky waters of Biscayne Bay: "There is Mr. Wylie now, in person, folks!" The sensation of being thus displayed beggars description — particularly if one happens to be in one's undershirt.

Our prying public has no more respect for personal privacy than for freedom from assault through the mails. At any time of day or night a carful of jolly folks, taut lion-hunters, or human beagles may crackle up our driveway. Men, women, and children then descend — as if my grounds and gardens were a park. Their next move is optional. Some come right up and ring my doorbell. They ask for me, and if they are told that I am working they wait. Sometimes I work for six or seven hours without stopping. But I do not work easily if the maid has informed me that four fans are rambling around my yard, baiting my dog and picking my orchids.

Others, still bolder, and imbued with the notion that a writer and all he possesses lie in the public

domain, don't bother to ring. They simply fan out around the place and start peering in windows. It is distressing — till one gets used to it, at any rate — to be working on a typewriter, or helping to dry the dishes, and suddenly to see unknown faces staring through a window.

Such intrusions in part caused us to abandon our waterfront residence in Miami Beach and to move far inland to what is called "the country." Here, at the end of an inconspicuous lane, behind a tangle of live oak and tropical jungle, we built a new house, hoping for reasonable seclusion. But, innocently, we built a very modern Florida-style home. Immediately, owing to its architectural novelty, every real-estate agent, builder, architect, and all the many neighboring chambers of commerce, learned the location of the place. So nowadays not only the admirers (and detractors) of my work but also the hordes of housing-buffs drive out our way and invade our property. We have been wakened in the early hours of morning more than once by loud, rude, moronic squeals, such as, "Ye gods! They call *that* a house! It's a cross between a chicken shed and a jute mill!"

We think the house is rather handsome and so do most knowledgeable people. Such comments are inclined to hurt our feelings. They are inclined, in fact, to make us wish the law were not so stern toward householders who fend off trespassers with buckshot. Posting the place, furthermore, only increases the problem. People unbashful enough to yell cracks about your house under your bedroom windows at 7 A.M. will turn into any driveway that says "Private — Do Not Enter."

A subclassification of such yahoos is the camera fiend, and the worst type is the candid-shot variety. I like gardening and particularly the rough part — digging, rock-moving, and carving into the underlying limestone. For this, I wear only shoes and shorts, as Miami is usually warm. And I get dirty — very dirty. It is therefore something of an annoyance to find, as I toil in the earth, that a gent with a miniature camera on a tripod has secreted it and himself behind a near palmetto and is snapping pictures of me without my consent. I am a polite person and I like my fellow man; I am not a camera-smasher; I try to be as decent to all who track me down as I am able. But every man has his breaking point. And some day mine might come. Some day an invidious oaf who has climbed one of my trees with a telephoto lens and is snapping my wife while she hangs out clothes may be grievously attacked by an author whose patience has worn through.

5

PARTLY as a result of their working conditions, nobody ever quite realizes that what authors do demands as much privacy and continuum of effort

as any other professional occupation. In addition — far more than the surgeon, lawyer, bookkeeper, or pilot — the author is obliged to *pause for thought*. Thought involves staring into space, walking around a room, smoking in apparent idleness. The resultant combination of availability with periods of seeming idleness is irresistible. A businessman works from nine to five. A writer may work at night, or he may run into a streak of weeks when his ideas come at dawn and he finds himself doing his day's stint between 5 and 11 A.M. He may have periods of infertility when he merely roams about trying to assemble the moods, ideas, and plot for his next undertaking. As a result, an author may be seen around town when other men are in their business places. Again, having worked for fifteen hours a day for three solid months, he may take a few weeks off — and appear here and there while he is recovering from stress.

His friends, knowing he never goes to an office and seeing him unoccupied in daylight hours, get the impression that an author really *doesn't do anything whatever*. He is, therefore, the first person they think of when they line up a committee for a charity drive, a bazaar, a welfare program, a benefit, a dance, a church supper, or the like. And because most authors are amiable people, most of them try to oblige. Inspiration, however, is variable. Authors consequently make poor committeemen. For the day of the meeting may well fall upon the first day the writer has been in the groove for a month. If he attends his meeting he may lose the thread. So he should cut the meeting.

Yet if he fails to attend he is open to universal criticism on the grounds that he could just as well have "given the morning to the Red Cross and done his work in the afternoon." But that isn't how it goes — even though his friends and his family will never quite understand how it does go. The truth is simple: an author, as much as a businessman, needs the recognized right to say at any time that his work is so pressing he must attend to it — even if his work at the moment consists of lying in a hammock looking at the sky, or wandering down Main Street with an absent expression.

Here are some other widespread fallacies from which authors suffer: —

Because a man or woman writes ably it cannot logically be assumed that he or she speaks well. And the fact that an author's books carry a "message" is not evidence that the author wishes to deliver the message from a platform. Public speaking and writing are separate accomplishments, like skiing and playing a guitar. A few authors — a very few — are good speakers. Most authors, however, are introverts who detest public appearance. That psychological orientation is one of the reasons they *are* authors. I'm a sample. I would rather write a serial than make one speech. I am jittery for weeks before the date arrives; I detest

every instant I spend on my feet; and I am shaken afterward for several days. But I am asked to make speeches, by friends and by strangers, on the average of five times a week. And when I refuse, which I invariably do, the act is taken as an affront.

Sending manuscripts to authors for criticism is ill-advised. I have already explained that most authors fall behind even in returning them. A great many carefully send back all of them *unopened*, owing to the fact that several writers have been sued for plagiarism by amateurs who had sent them stories for criticism and, later on, fancied some portion of the author's printed work resembled their own.

Authors, furthermore, are not necessarily good judges of the writing of others. Magazines started and edited by writers usually fail! And the best teachers of writing are not, as a rule, themselves good writers. A man with immense creative powers seldom has equal critical faculties. Most writers, furthermore, work in a particular field with a special style; other fields, other styles, are foreign to them and they cannot make valuable discernments concerning work greatly different from their own. Those writers who *are* literary critics or who do teach composition are paid for such work; to ask them to perform gratis is to impose on them.

If you honestly want criticism, try the magazines — not writers. If you keep getting rejection slips, probably you should quit trying to write. For if you are near the mark, you will get criticism: a personal letter — professional, editorial suggestions — the best possible help. That's how we who are writers started out. You might bear in mind, also, that upwards of five hundred thousand Americans are trying to write for publication, but only about five thousand Americans support themselves entirely by free-lance writing! It is, beyond doubt, the most difficult and also the most competitive profession in the land.

I forbear at this point. You may begin to appreciate, however, that an author is a busy human being, occupied in an unusual way, and subject to harassment, like all persons. If your interest concerning him is so intense that you feel you must see him, *write a letter to him, first*. Tell him why you want to make his acquaintance and ask for an appointment. If you get no answer — well — how would you like to live like a goldfish?

No fooling! We're just people — most of us, rather poor people. Even if we write a best-seller it doesn't mean we can afford to devote our time and energy and money to your whims. For our government does not look upon the works created by an artist as capital — just as income. Most of us are poor all our lives; when most of us do make a sudden profit, taxes take most of that.

So have a heart!

We love you — but don't smother us with affection. We can't afford the luxury.



Artist and author, WALTER PACH was born in New York City in 1883, studied at the New York School of Art and at the Académie Ranson in Paris, and in addition to his one-man shows has exhibited with the Independent Artists yearly since 1917. The biographer of Georges Seurat, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, van Gogh, and Ingres, and the author of widely read studies on modern art, Mr. Pach continues for Atlantic readers the argument initiated by Francis Henry Taylor, Director of the Metropolitan Museum, in "Modern Art and the Dignity of Man."

ART MUST BE MODERN

by WALTER PACH

1

ONE of the conspicuous facts about modern art is that the interest in it continually increases. Whereas the Armory Show of 1913 attracted 86,000 people in New York City, the recent exhibition of only one of the painters shown at the Armory, Vincent van Gogh, drew some 350,000 visitors.

Art must be modern because life must be modern. You may reverence the past for its great works, but you can neither live in the past nor produce its art. What you do today, if art at all, is modern art, as Giotto's was in its time. (Dante says it was.) So that, if a thing has never been modern, it has never been art. The one valid question is how your art compares — not in appearance but in quality — with that of bygone times.

People who criticize the work of today must do so with a very different set of principles from those of an earlier time, which tried to condemn modern art for its departure from the naïve naturalism and the spurious classicism inherited from the nineteenth century. Such matters are quite discredited now, but the case stands differently with the books and articles of Leo Stein, Bernard Berenson, and Francis Henry Taylor, whom, with their varying taste, age, and authority, I am temporarily grouping together as exponents of a latter-day opposition.

These critics know a great deal about art. But no one knows everything; and where prudent people stop talking when they come to things they no longer understand, all three of these writers let themselves be carried along by the impetus of their former studies — and get into bad company. Why could not a man of so keen a mind as Leo Stein see that he was siding with the worst element in the artistic community when he wrote of Picasso? For years he had been threatening an exposure of the Spaniard's history and shortcomings, and finally, in 1947, just before Mr. Stein's death, his book, *Appreciation*, came off the press.

Among many passages on Picasso, I select two, after carefully examining their context to be sure that I am quoting without injustice. Here is one statement: "Breathing life and charm into things is what made me take to Picasso in the first place, and if he had gone on doing this with increasing passion and power as he matured, my interest would have continued and doubtless grown. But when he became an intellectual at a contemptible level of degradation, I couldn't accept it."

Or take the following, from *Appreciation* again: "Picasso is no fool — anything but it. He is observant and often shrewd, he is humorous and can wisecrack on occasions, but having significant thoughts is quite another matter, and having one's direction determined by ideas is altogether a serious matter for an artist. It is to subject his essential purpose to the direction of his intellect, and it would seem to me that any sane person looking at the result could see how absurd it was in this case."

The confusion which I venture to believe existed in Leo Stein's mind was caused by his uncertainty about the intellect of artists, and his distrust of it. Picasso is anything but a fool, he has some minor attractions, like humor and the ability to breathe life and charm into things, as his critic said just previously. Two pages further on, one may read: "In the powerfully effective *Guernica*, the research was for effectiveness of composition and expression, not form." If we observe that only a research is conceded to Picasso, it does seem at least that the painter's "essential purpose" included very important things, even according to Stein, who attaches great weight to composition and expression, though he objects to the artist's "intellect."

An example of Mr. Stein's mistakes about artists occurs in his earlier book, *The A-B-C of Aesthetics*, and will today be understood by more people than did so twenty-three years ago, when the work ap-

peared. Writing of Cézanne, he said: "For a while, no painter excited my interest more vitally. . . . Now no pictures interest me less. He is for me more completely the squeezed lemon than any other artist of anything like equal importance." When Picasso once asked me what Leo Stein was doing, I quoted the above passage, the book having appeared very shortly before. Picasso observed, "Well, if Cézanne is a squeezed lemon, you can be sure that Stein never tasted a drop of the juice."

In a way, the Spaniard's remark was like that of Romain Rolland about a lady in his novel, *Jean-Christophe*. He sums her up in a single sentence: "She understood music, but did not love it." Again we have the distinction between thinking and feeling. The lady and Leo Stein were like the anatomist who can dissect a body, and can tell you minutely about everything in it, but who is all at sea when faced with a manifestation of the life that is, after all, the essential thing about the body.

The question as to Bernard Berenson is a different one. Over half a century ago, Berenson was the first critic in the English language, as far as I can learn, to refer to Cézanne. It was with a favorable tone, since he associated the great modern with some of the masters of his beloved Italy. And in 1947, at the age of eighty-two, when giving a final revision to his *Aesthetics and History*, Mr. Berenson was still growing in his admiration for Cézanne. The book referred to is as impressive for its ripe wisdom as for its amazing erudition. So that, if we are to pick from its pages certain ideas regarding modern art which demand caution, at the least, it is always with a sense of the proportions of the work where they occur.

Throughout his book, every reference to the art of the last forty years that registered at all in my mind was hostile or dubious. At one point he says, "Since 1900, except for survivals, we have been stumbling and wallowing and strutting." As Mr. Berenson's own period brought forth so many men of real eminence, the natural tendency is to look to it with a great prejudice in its favor, and I speak of the difference in the time-outlook only because he himself constantly brings up the subject. For example, he says, "It has taken our time — with its tendency to hail as a good everything my own generation regarded as evil — to discover originality in the distortions and absurdities resulting from mere incompetence."

"Distortion" is an allowable word if we define figure drawing as a statement of anatomical facts. To be sure, many a great picture of the past would reveal such shortcomings, though not as many as are found today when artists are chiefly interested in aspects of drawing that stand quite apart from naturalistic correctness. But "absurdity" and "incompetence" are terms dependent not upon a checkup from some objective criterion, like the anatomy chart, but upon the subjective question

of the impressions of this man or that man. We do not need to go to a field so split up by conflicting opinion as that of the arts to find ideas which seem absurd to some and magnificent to others.

Who are the people referred to in Mr. Berenson's vigorous and often admirable chapter on "Value"? He says, "It is something new in the world that value, choice, preference, no matter how freakish and perverse, should be excluded altogether."

I submit what every frequenter of studios and museum offices knows to be the case: that extremely marked choices and preferences hold sway there; the values sought are different from those esteemed by the artists and connoisseurs of fifty or a hundred years ago — who, in turn, rejected many of the idols of their predecessors, in the eighteenth century, for example. And so one can go on back through the ages condemning a later school through the standards of an earlier one. One can reverse the process and call the earlier one primitive, archaic, or Gothic, so as to prove that the golden age began at a given point. But to do either thing is to commit the cardinal sin of criticism, which consists in judging one period by the standards of another.

It seems to me that Mr. Berenson himself offers the most crushing refutation of this argument in the sentences immediately following the one quoted above: "Not only is value to be tabooed in questions of art but in questions of history and even life itself. Thus I have heard of an Italian nobleman in the best society, who could not understand why there should be such an outcry over the treatment of Jews in Naziland and none over the forcible feeding of geese in Strasbourg."

Here, at last, the writer identifies the people he is attacking. They are the degenerate-minded and the fools! And since he does not name a single latter-day painter or sculptor to indicate that not all modern art falls into the category which he condemns, the reader is practically compelled to infer that everything of our time — history and life as well as art, to recur to the author's warning — has fallen into this abyss. It will be seen anew that an opportunity to make our decision on such a claim must be of extreme value — which is the reason for exhibitions of modern art.

2

FIVE years ago, when I first read Mr. Taylor's analysis of museum problems in his book *Babel's Tower*, I might have waxed indignant over his saying that "P. T. Barnum's dictum 'There's a sucker born every minute' has been one of the mottoes of our profession ever since" — an idea he returns to a little further along when he says, "The constant pressure of social service has so complicated our future that we must put an end to charlatanry and come to grips with the real problems of our profession." It is not my own profession, since I have

never been permanently employed by a museum. Therefore the words about suckers and charlatany would have made me indignant because the immense enrichment of American life through museums has been due to intelligent, idealistic, and devoted men and women for over a hundred years; what exceptions there may be to this description of them are insignificant and paltry in the extreme.

A further misuse, it seems to me, of a term just glanced at occurs a little later again. Mr. Taylor had been discussing what he calls "the romantically Victorian mural of the Spanish Civil War, *Cuernica* by Picasso"; and after saying that "the horror of actuality surpasses even the dream world of the little Neros who fiddle while Rome burns," he remarks: "But the problem of modern art is not merely that of distinguishing between genius and charlatan."

The whole quality of the references to Picasso in Mr. Taylor's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1948, leads me to think that he would not today come so near to implying that the painter is a charlatan. He would be right, indeed, if he said that we do not need to concern ourselves with charlatans among the artists: like faked Old Masters, their moment of acceptance is a limited one. But I maintain that it is very much the problem of modern art (as of the older arts) to distinguish between genius, mere talent, mediocrity, and the ridiculous. And I believe that the "pressure of social service" referred to by Mr. Taylor is a mighty poor alibi for the failure to make the distinction. The classification of artists is supposed to be made by the museum, which, for nearly everyone, decides the degree of importance in the masters of the past, and is therefore looked to for similar decisions about the present. The authority of time puts our thought about ancient things into a different class from that about recent ones, but we should strive to see our time with the clarity that we possess as to former times.

Mr. Taylor, taking Toynbee as his spokesman in the *Atlantic Monthly*, cites the historian's words: "Our abandonment of our traditional artistic technique is manifestly the consequence of some kind of spiritual breakdown in our Western Civilization." Perhaps I should not interrupt to say that the "abandonment" is far from complete in a period that contains such masters of technique as Degas, Maillol, and Derain, among many others. But I hasten to let Mr. Taylor give his own statement, in the same article, about this alleged bankruptcy of our time: "What will the art of today tell the spectator of tomorrow? In the sense that it announces the sterility and the intellectual vacuum of twentieth-century America or Europe, it will have at least that questionable validity; it will be recognized as the product of its time."

Now it is my good fortune to be acquainted with many fine, upright people, and to know some inspir-

ing things about the fortitude with which they and millions of others — here, and in what Mr. Taylor calls "an hysterical and defeated Europe" — have gone through bitter trials; also (and keeping away from my own art) I have derived much pleasure, and I believe elevating pleasure, from music and books of our time. So that I cannot see the spiritual breakdown, the sterility, and the intellectual vacuum that the two writers affirm for us.

Despite Mr. Taylor's claim that the quality of a work of art must be communicable, I insist that one add the words "to a mind prepared to receive it." And, to offer proof that the difficulty with recent art is not peculiar to our times, I will repeat, from a book that I published twenty-five years ago, certain lines from Petrarch's will. The great poet, standing at the threshold of the Renaissance — a time when judgment of art was on a very high level — could write: "I bequeath my picture of the Virgin by the noble painter Giotto, whose beauty, unintelligible to the ignorant, is a marvel to the masters of the art. . . ." And about such matters the final word is always the one spoken by the masters of the art.

3

NATURALLY, there are immense drawbacks to modern art as a whole. How could there fail to be? By statistics which I gave years ago, in *Ananias or the False Artist*, I showed that the number of persons practicing the arts had been multiplied during the past century in the fantastic proportion of one to two hundred. The amount of talent in the world has not increased in like manner. So it is inevitable that a great deal of bad painting should remain unseparated from the good, or even that it should conceal the good.

The great numbers of inferior artists now so much in evidence are not, however, what I meant when speaking of the drawbacks to modern art. I referred to the absence of qualities we have loved in the older arts. Yet even on this point I must cite a phrase of Goya's that is too little known and that is terrifically to the point in the present matter. The great old Spaniard said, "*L'art est fait de parti pris et de sacrifices.*" I give the words in the original because you may be able to find a better equivalent for *parti pris* than I have after years of search. My closest translation would be "Art is made up of decisions taken (or, in some cases, of prejudices or preferences) and of sacrifices."

Go down through the centuries and you will see how those few words of the strong painter apply, time after time. The Greeks are glorious, but did they not sacrifice much of the grandeur — even much of the truth — attained by the Egyptians? In the Byzantine time, with what scorn a lover of the old marbles of Venus and Apollo must have regarded the "moderns" of his day with their "ignorance of drawing," their "abandonment of traditional artis-

tic technique," as Toynbee phrases it, and their "sterility," for I think Mr. Taylor must agree that his word could well have been used by men who had loved the old Hellenic intoxication with the visible world, and who found themselves confronted with the shaftlike austerity of the new Virgins and Christs.

The discovery of the European "primitives" by Ingres, more than a century ago, had a great effect on his art. Sixty years later, a few days before he died, he touched pencil to paper for the last time with a drawing after Giotto. The discovery by Delacroix of the abstract art of the Moors affected the great painter's work for the thirty-one years he had still to live; it may well be one of the reasons why he wrote in his *Journal*, in the long entry of January 13, 1857, "Painting does not always need a subject." And painting does not always need light and shade, as the modern period, turning now to Asia, learned from the great artists of Japan and China. (More sacrifices each time, you see; but also new achievement, as everybody admits when observing such accepted men as Manet, van Gogh, and others who have been influenced by the Far East.)

Other countries and periods have been giving up their secrets and causing changes in our conception of art, as much as have our scientific discoveries as to speed, space, time, photography, and so forth. This twofold set of influences has given us things that the past, with all its glories, could not know. The failure to appreciate these things of our time, the illusion which lets some people think they still can live in Quattrocento Italy or fifth-century Greece, are explanations of the cardinal sin of critics — their using the virtues of one period to condemn a different time for not employing them.

To continue with the positive side of the account: take that liberation from copying appearances which came with our gradual realization that what a machine, the camera, could do in an instant, an artist could not do in a lifetime. Before the camera was invented every real artist had, by instinct, stressed those elements of form or expression which made of his work something that photography could never attain — in one lifetime or a hundred thousand. Modern art contains no vestige of criticism of the naturalistic schools of the past; but its isolation of the qualities that place a painting or sculpture in a dimension totally different from nature and from mechanical imitation of nature has given to our time a new creativeness.

That is the main reason for the rapid change, since the Armory Show, in the state of mind of the eager and intelligent throngs to be seen every day in places where the great work of our time is studied and enjoyed.

Matisse gives us a magic of color and design that no Islamic miniaturist or ceramist could show in such freedom. I shall not try to decide whether some old Persian or the modern Frenchman is the

greater artist; I do affirm that Matisse's suppression of what are for him irrelevancies gives to our day a confirmation of its rightness in judging essentials. For, thanks to the modern artists, we now have the freedom of choice which lets us say, "This moment of life and sight is interesting. It connects with that other one. It does so by a leap through space like that of the radiations we get by wireless. The pattern made by the successive lines and their inter-spaces is the pattern of our existence today. I do not see anything so close to my experience in the work of that court-painter of ancient Persia. I admit that what he did is beautiful and perfect, and I am very much obliged for your showing it to me at the museum."

And what Matisse does for the world of the eyes, Picasso does for the world of the mind; needless to say, each has some qualities of the realm I have assigned to the other. Why is it that book after book on Picasso's work is appearing? It is because he has always — even before Cubism — given us a statement of what takes place in the modern mind. In the "Blue Period," when he did things like *The Blind Guitarist* or *The Sad Mother*, he gave us images so poignant that we recognize his sensations as our own. Someone objects that the Old Masters had done that and Picasso agrees — excusing himself for following El Greco, Goya, and others by reminding you that at that time he was but twenty-three years old. Five years later, he began to shake off the double yoke of the past and of external appearances. And so he could tell in a more direct way of the impressions which the world made on him. Instead of the roundabout course — from painter to guitarist, from guitarist to spectator — he makes the unexampled leap from painter to spectator, so that, for a while, no aspect of nature appears.

When Ingres was accused of taking one of his madonnas from Raphael, he replied, "The picture is mine; I have put my claw into it." That is mere assertion — like the one I make as to our contemporary. But the world has supported Ingres in his assertion; no one today thinks of him as a mere imitator of Raphael. And when I submit that the lines, tones, and spaces of the most anti-representational canvas by Picasso have nothing in common with designs for textiles, tiles, and other merely decorative objects; when I affirm that every picture by the Spaniard follows the course of experiences in a mind — the world of today, with its intense interest in the mental sciences, is giving support to my side of the argument by its increasing preoccupation with this artist and the men around him.

The departure from the formulas of the "moderns" has been going on for a long time, though in a relatively inconspicuous way, especially if we consider the men who never really followed the directions of the two artists most in the limelight. Bonnard and Rouault were comrades of Matisse's youth, and the public success of the latter never

caused personal difficulties with the other two, nor, on the other hand, an acceptance by them of every development made by the great innovator. So, also, the fact that Derain first made some of the steps which led to Cubism, but that he turned aside from the movement which Picasso and Braque were following out with sensational results, does not mean that any of the three is to be condemned for the actions of the others. It means that two Cubistic painters had one type of interest, that Derain had a different one, and that each of the three did right to follow the course suited to his talent. I know nobody who denies that all three do have talent.

It has required stamina on the part of Derain to stand aside from the turmoil — like that of the noisy waters of a millrace — the flood of little talents that have simply gone with the current. If the mind, with its world of forms, offered fascinating opportunities to the Cubists, nature also kept her inexhaustible supply of mysteries. Derain's confidence in the classics as his guide to nature has produced admirable results and is still doing so. He is not alone in his effort: it continues in the work of other "Neo-Realists" in various countries.

4

FOR our country an approach different from any thus far observed may be necessary. Though we have made immense strides in developing public collections which include both the ancient and the modern schools, and though most of us are convinced that such museums are of quite immeasurable value, it may well be that a very long time will have to pass before our people can respond to the stimulus of art in the way that Europe does. The opportunity here must long remain incomparably more limited than that of the Old World, for the reason that not merely centuries but millennia have left their alluvial deposits of architecture, sculpture, and painting on the soil of Europe — deposits of which our own soil is literally bare. Within it, we may dig up relics of the splendid art which the earlier Americans, the red men, produced in response to a world that is, in most of its physical aspects, still our world. But the tradition of the Indian is practically destroyed, at least for the United States; whether Mexico can continue it is still an open question.

In any case, the achievement of certain artists of this country appears to be distinct not only from the aboriginal sources here, about which our painters and sculptors knew nothing, but also from European developments, about which they knew very little during the decisive years when their art was forming. I would cite the examples of three of the best American artists, John S. Copley, Thomas Eakins, and Maurice Prendergast. Of the first of

them, Arthur B. Davies, a brilliant appreciator, said, "He is still the greatest painter we have had."

Now the really dramatic thing about Copley's art is that it was produced here, and at a time when, on this side of the Atlantic, there was so little opportunity to know European art that it counted for next to nothing in developing the genius of the young Bostonian. His only guides were a few reproductions and a few weakly derivative paintings; yet he brought forth masterpieces unequaled, in some ways, by anything of the English school, his nearest neighbor.

The same pattern holds for Eakins. A powerful artist already, when he went to Paris at the age of twenty-two, his four years abroad were concentrated on almost purely technical studies, and he came back — never to visit Europe again — the same man as when he first went there, caring little and understanding little about the great movements which were stirring the Old World. The art of Thomas Eakins is directly based upon the sights and the character of the New World.

Only when we come to Maurice Prendergast do we find an American who, in his formative years in Paris, could enter the modern movement of his day, have a share in the splendid developments that succeeded those of the Impressionists, and then go on to produce an art as distinctively of his native soil as was the art of Copley and Eakins.

As it is our job to isolate from the multitude of insignificant, even valueless men of the modern schools the few who tell of the greatness of our healthy and stirring period, so it is essential for an understanding of the American genius that we group together the men who for nearly two hundred years have been establishing our tradition. No one can be positive about it as yet, I believe, but I offer the foregoing ideas as a contribution to a grasp of our problem.

And as to that word "tradition" which has cropped up again, I must still recall a phrase that Léon Werth used, just forty years ago, in his preface to the catalogue of the Salon d'Automne in Paris. He said, "Tradition, tradition, — they are forever hammering us with that word! But a man is not in the tradition when he puts on his grandfather's hat. He is in the tradition when he produces a child." That phrase very well defines the tradition of American art as I have attempted to follow it. Few men, so far, have been able to put it into practice, but there are many more than the three I have mentioned. The public able to recognize their achievement — and that of Europe — should, from the ideal standpoint, include nearly everyone. If even important men have failed or partly failed at the problem, nobody should relax in his effort to profit by work so much alive as that of today: it is too interesting and too rewarding for that.



Stupid and lazy are two adjectives which J. ROSWELL GALLAGHER does not like to see applied to the growing boy. As the school doctor at Phillips Academy in Andover for the past sixteen years, he knows by experience that there are a good many not-so-visible reasons which explain scholastic failure. Some of these he has defined in his earlier Atlantic articles — “Can’t Spell, Can’t Read” (June, 1948) and “There Is No Average Boy” (March, 1949). Now, in this new paper, he pleads for an understanding of a boy’s personality and implies his strong belief in the individual — a point of view Tom Paine would find perfectly proper.

WHY BOYS FAIL

by J. ROSWELL GALLAGHER, M.D.

I

OF ALL the numbers trotted out to explain Johnny’s failure at school, the I.Q. has acquired the greatest respect. “Tell me his I.Q.,” said an eminent educator recently, “and I’ll tell you how he’ll do.”

The faith in the I.Q. is fantastic. The minute a boy is failing, some teacher runs to hunt up the I.Q. If it’s low: “There’s the answer right there — no need to look further.” Much of this awe would vanish if teachers determined those I.Q.s themselves. Unfortunately the tests are usually administered and scored by others, and the teacher is given a number which he or she regards with no suspicion because a specialist has produced it.

Intelligence tests are valuable. They have been devised by highly trained scientists who are trying every day further to perfect them. They are not free of error, but they are good tests if properly administered and, most important of all, when properly interpreted. They will distinguish very dull from bright and from very bright boys; but when these scores are used within a very limited range to explain failure or to predict success, they should be regarded with little respect and with no reverence.

Scholastic success is dependent on many other factors besides intelligence. Physical deficiencies, illness, poor teaching, or too frequent changes in home and school can adversely affect performance in school, and sometimes the explanation of failure is as simple as one of these. But like the I.Q. these factors do not always explain scholastic failure. While they should not be ignored, there is always need to look further.

Sam had done very well during his first three years of high school. He had made the school paper, he usually managed to squeeze himself onto the honor roll, and although no athlete he was one of

the most popular boys in school. Then something happened. The first few weeks of his senior year passed by without much comment from his teachers, although some noticed that he seemed listless and inattentive; but by the time the football season was over and the school had settled into its routine, it became evident that something was decidedly wrong with Sam. He was just as courteous, just as reliable as ever, but his marks had fallen way down and no amount of prodding or offers to help seemed to strike a spark in him.

Sam’s mother came in to see the principal: she too had been upset about the boy and had sent him to their doctor for a blood count. She was sure that the moderate degree of anemia which had been found would be corrected by the iron capsules he was taking and that his apathy and preoccupied manner would shortly disappear.

Sam’s hemoglobin came up, but his marks and his behavior didn’t change: just as he apparently refused to study, so did he politely refuse to go to dances or enter into other school activities. Fortunately for Sam, the Christmas holidays came along and he asked permission to go down East for a few days’ visit with a lobster fisherman he had helped during the previous summer.

His lobsterman friend had little acquaintance with schools, no knowledge of anemia, and even in this day and age had probably never met a psychiatrist, but he was a great listener — and when you’re mending gear, you’ve plenty of time to listen. Sam’s mother is still sure it was the iron and the salt air that did the trick, and his father would never have given the matter any more thought had it not been for a chance remark the next summer. “Those two boys drownin’ last summer sure upset that lad of yours, Mr. Stiles. You see, a lot of things happen that shake your faith if you follow

the sea all your life — young hard-workin' fellows snatched away and no good reason for it you can figure out. Hard to understand when you're young. Wish I could have said something to straighten him out. He did seem to brighten up toward the end of his stay — guess it was the wife's cookin'."

Confusion — an inability to reconcile what one finds in the world with justice — can upset school grades more easily than can anemia. Be sure to test his vision, check his hearing, suspect his thyroid, allow for the demands growth puts upon his vitality, but remember that primarily he is a person reacting to life — to the people and things and events around him. Not only precious time but the opportunity to know the boy better is lost if one lets a witless height scale or metabolism machine or hemoglobinometer provide the only answer to a boy's problem.

2

IT is reasonable to assume that a boy wants to succeed. Success in school has obvious enough rewards to make him want to do well. Well, then, what cancels that motivation?

Failure can be due to a host of different causes, but granted a reasonable degree of intelligence and not too many or too strongly unfavorable environmental influences, the area inevitably to consider is his personality. It is not an easy diagnosis, because in a particular set of circumstances one personality will be troubled, another untouched. Rarely the major fault is with the type of school or the individual teacher. Occasionally the fault lies in both the environment and the boy's personality. More often it is his personality alone. Often adjustments can be made; sometimes one has to accept the results which fall to the lot of personalities having certain characteristics.

The sudden reality of death is only one of the occasionally devastating disturbers of youth's complacency. A hero totters when an alcoholic father is first discovered in one of his belligerent moments or when another woman walks into the home. Everything had been fine until that day: school was fine, no problems, no worries about the future. Dad was a great guy. Bill didn't believe that any father could drop a fly as gently as his dad, or round a buoy better, and he'd feel nice and warm inside when he'd hear some neighbor say, "That fellow Flint — what a brain, what an operator!"

And now, suddenly, what is life all about? Is this the model he had been trying to imitate? "Gee, I can't figure it out — he's the same, and yet he isn't. I admire him and yet I hate his guts. I stick up for him, but I feel I shouldn't, that I'm not being loyal to Mom. Maybe it isn't as bad as I think — I'm just all mixed up."

Eventually Bill talked out his problem with a patient listener and began to establish a better

understanding of life. His marks took care of themselves and the circles under his eyes went away, but it was a long time before things were straightened out. Not every boy's schoolwork goes to pieces when his family breaks up. But remember it can be some such reason as that.

To say a boy is hopeless, worthless, no good, will never amount to anything, is strong language, rarely justified. Many do poorly for a few months, then straighten out. Circumstances change, attitudes change, conflicts or emotional blocks resolve, and all is different. Given time and sympathetic understanding, many apparently hopeless situations take on a happier air.

When a boy's family moves to a new town or when he goes away to a boarding school for the first time, things may go badly for a few months. If he easily makes new friends, if he readily adapts himself to the peculiarities and requirements of a new situation, he may give little trouble, but a good many boys wilt to an alarming degree after being transplanted. They need friends about them. They stand up well if they're given a little support at first — they do better if they're not hardened off too soon. They need someone to listen to them and to talk with them about people and about themselves.

Everyone is entitled to an education, but not every boy wants a lot of it, particularly if it progresses from the three R's to courses which come under the heading Humanities. Unfortunately there is a tendency for a self-made man to want his son to have a "liberal education" even though, without it, the father became much better educated than he thinks, and despite the son's lack of ability or lack of interest. He is too often kept from having education in the field that would make him a happy, productive, and intellectually honest citizen. Cultural snobbery and parental ambition have cluttered courses in the humanities and sciences with intelligent youngsters who serve their time and lose their zest for study in any field.

Joe did well enough in school until his third year of high school. That year, reports that he was lazy, sloppy, indifferent, and of very limited intellectual capacity, that he needed a good stiff jolt, began to come in to the principal's office; and at Christmas time a report went out that Joe was failing all but one course.

Joe's father was very upset. Ever since he had made his pile he had set his heart on having the boy go to college, on giving him all the education and culture he had been unable to have himself. He had left school after the eighth grade and had gone to work on his father's farm: within a few years he had built it up to one of the most profitable dairies in the state, and he was able to give more and more time to hunting and fishing trips. He often told Joe how valuable a college education was, how he wished he'd had the cultural advantages

which had fallen to the lot of some of his friends. Joe didn't quite see the difference between those men and his dad, but perhaps there was some.

What to do about Joe? He was healthy, physically mature, and popular; he had no handicaps; and he had more than enough intelligence to permit him to do an adequate job in school. Joe was sure that no one likes to go to school: "It's like taking some foul-tasting medicine — you just take it hoping it will do you some good." A faculty member who was interested in the boy's problems didn't get very far until they started to talk about what Joe liked to do — how he liked to spend his spare time and what he'd like to be.

"Gee, Mr. Smith, this stuff isn't for me. It isn't that I don't appreciate Dad's point of view — schools are all right, but they couldn't make me enjoy poetry or go for this symphony business in a hundred years. Now if they had courses in trapping in college — but even if they did you'd have to wade through all this other stuff. And it sort of puckers me to hear all this talk about culture — maybe my dad wouldn't know Bach if he heard it, but he knows a lot of other things these long-hairs never dreamt of. Guess it's really that I'm like my dad: I like the outdoors, farming, animals, hunting. Were you ever on a farm in March when the lambs come?"

Joe was neither lazy nor stupid nor obstinate: he, like hundreds of others, was just a fish out of water, flopping around in an utterly futile way in a medium totally unsuited to him. He'll never have a nodding acquaintance with the doorman at the Yale Club, but when he finishes his agricultural school he'll probably want to go on to his state university for more advanced courses. He'll get what any thoughtful father wants his son to have — but not quite the way his father planned it.

The number of boys in this country who go off to boarding school is very small, but the difficulties which such a transition provokes are not unlike those of the high school boy who moves from the town where he has lived all his life. Hundreds make such shifts easily and many with great profit, but what is good for some is not good for all. When things go amiss it is just as important to examine the boy's characteristics and needs as it is critically to examine the school's ways and people.

Andy went off to boarding school when he was twelve: his parents didn't approve of the ways of his city playmates and they wanted him to have more "individual attention" than the crowded public school could give him. Andy wasn't happy about leaving home, his family, and his friends. However, off he went. For two years he went through the motions of benefiting from education administered on an individual attention basis. Later he admitted it was better teaching than he had had at home but he doubted if it really did much good. "I was always thinking of home and

the fellows — the teachers were always telling me I'd have to learn to concentrate."

Andy had thought that after those two years of "good preparation" he would go back home to high school; those two years had been given obediently if reluctantly. But now he was to go away again. He was still a dependent, home-loving, insecure youngster with no scholarly interests or ambitions, loyal to his former friends, oblivious of their social or financial status, and not yet ready to leave a very happy home. This time the old arguments about opportunity, success, gratitude, and obligation meant even less to him; the pictures of a larger, finer school held no attraction for him. "But you'll love it once you get there, Andy — it's a wonderful opportunity."

Andy wasn't the stubborn, belligerent sort, so off he went. Intelligent, attractive, adept at small talk, he made friends easily, liked his teachers, and readily admitted that the school was a wonderful place — for someone else. After efforts to help him proved futile and patience was exhausted, low intelligence, poor preparation, and laziness were suggested as the most likely explanations and "strict discipline" the only hope for cure.

Despite his very low marks, Andy showed some promise and his teachers were reluctant to give up. The situation might have dragged on interminably had he not developed symptoms which finally took him to his doctor. "I've been getting pains in my head, down in back — I feel all tight in the back of my neck." It didn't take too long to discover what was giving him a pain in the neck, or to decide that a good frank talk with his parents was in order.

Andy will make a good citizen, and the school that he wanted to leave will turn out fine ones. "Individual attention" is desirable for some (even though it isn't always compatible with the development of independence); but the ties to home are stronger, are less easily broken, are better left tied to a later age in some boys than in others. You just have to know the boy and then try to give him what *he* needs, not what you want him to have.

3

Not only an excessive need for home and family, but deep-seated conflicts arising out of faulty relationships with one or both parents, can negate effort and intelligence. Mothers have borne the brunt of so many attacks — "momism" has been blamed for so much — that it may be well to let lack of space masquerade as chivalry and mention only papa.

Tom's father is one of his community's most respected citizens. Industrious, capable, cultured, and unsparing of his time and energy, he is very generally admired. His work has brought its rewards and he has given his family everything: a fine house, travel, education — everything, in fact,

except time and affection. He has always been too busy. He never has had time to admire anything Tom has done, though occasionally he finds the opportunity to criticize or condemn.

Tom admired his father: a word of praise from him would have meant a great deal, but it was never forthcoming. Years later Tom remembered the time he had rushed downstairs to show his father his first awkward drawing of the family cat: the father's "Humpf" and the mother's "You'd better run along now" were the first of a long series of rebuffs. Little wonder that Tom later had less than a reasonable share of confidence or that his last year in high school was spent in dreaming of the time he could get a job and ask Sally to help him make a home.

Tom no longer admired his father, no longer wished to be like him. A little praise, a little encouragement, even at this late date might have swung him back, but now he was not only against his father but also against all he stood for. The depth of his dislike for his father and the devastating way it seemed to cancel his desire to succeed in intellectual fields were far from pleasant to contemplate. They did, however, explain the wide discrepancy between Tom's intelligence and his marks. It was the personality which had developed out of that background and treatment — not that he was "careless, easily rattled," not that he'd had "faulty preparation," not that his "mind works slowly" — which caused his trouble. He would have been an excellent student if he'd had a more affectionate, more understanding, and less busy father, a man given more to praise than censure.

The "slow starter" is one of the hardest puzzles for anyone who tries to understand young people. There's always the possibility that a mediocre student will blossom out when he gets older, just as there is the sobering thought that as every dog has his day, so a *cum laude* now doesn't guarantee greatness in the future.

Which of his teachers would have thought Bob would amount to anything? Awkward, shy, overweight, he entered high school at thirteen. Apparently his only asset was good behavior: his intelligence test scores remained repeatedly at the very bottom of his class, and in each of his first three years of high school he failed at least one course and barely squeaked by in the others. "A nice boy; very dull; tries hard; may pass; no trouble in the classroom" — such were the persistent reports.

In his senior year there was a hint that Bob was "waking up." That year he failed no courses (there were three in the sixties) and in one course, his first real try at a science, he turned up with an honor grade. Unmentioned, unsung, and bid adieu by his teachers with evident relief, he went off to college. It was a very good college, and he took what are generally regarded as very hard

courses; yet he was no longer at the bottom of his class. By graduation time he had all honor grades, and a few years later this "nice, very dull" boy had earned his Ph.D.

The "slow starters" are worth remembering. Obviously they are "poor bets"; it is the very wise person who can predict their future improvement, the understanding one who is willing to withhold his judgment. Given support, patience, and a feeling that someone has confidence in him, many an able "slow starter" has confounded those who discarded him in favor of a surer bet.

The cause of failure to do well in school may be low intelligence, poor health, physical handicaps, insufficient preparation, too many other interests, a language disability, an emotional or deep-seated personality disorder, poor reading ability or poor study habits. Undoubtedly the list could be lengthened; certainly no one of those factors should be overlooked. More important, however, than the efficient use of a check list and the employment of all manner of modern tests and aids to diagnosis is to remember that it is a *person*, not a problem, you are trying to help. Despite the check list, you may not find the cause; but if you've been thinking of a person, not a problem, at least you'll find a boy. His attitudes and objectives may differ from yours, they may not fit the job at hand, but his ultimate contribution to society may well be no less valuable than yours.

Refuse to think of boys as students — after all, only rarely is it literally true; get to think of them as people. They need your patience, your confidence in them, your praise as well as your censure. They need you to look up to — and they need that you not look down on them. They need a feeling of security and an opportunity to venture. They need home and friends and the chance to become independent. They need your support and increasing opportunities to behave in a responsible fashion. They need to develop their own aptitudes and interests, to fulfill their own ambitions. They need help at times, and always a feeling that someone is there to help; but just as badly do they need the chance to do things by themselves both for themselves and for others.

The day they are born is not too soon to begin to develop a warm relationship between father and son: it is difficult to dislike someone who loves you — it is impossible that distaste for what a parent stands for will ever impede the scholastic progress of an affectionate son. They are all different; so what one needs, another can do well without. There is no one best way for all.

Most of all, young people need adults to be curious about them, not prejudiced, not opinionated. Curiosity breeds knowledge: if you get to wondering what makes them tick, and why they skip a beat now and then, you will stand a chance of understanding them better.



On the ponds and marshes of the inland side of Nauset Beach, and in the river estuaries in the neighborhood of Ipswich, DR. WYMAN RICHARDSON has observed the bird life as he has paddled, fished for stripers, or with his son Fred watched in concealment, with his glasses rather than his gun at hand. Dr. Richardson has long been aware that birds communicate, for reasons he explains in this, the sixth of his series of Atlantic essays.

BIRD LANGUAGE

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

THE subject of bird language has been much discussed, frequently with a good deal of heat. At one time it was fashionable to deride the notion that birds might have a language of their own. The thought that most bird song, as distinguished from call notes, was strictly a courtship performance long held sway; but recently it has been more and more realized that song may also be used to establish the boundaries of a breeding territory. From my observations, I believe that bird notes can be divided into these several categories:—

1. Just chatter, such as humans indulge in at teas or cocktail parties.
2. Discussion of plans, such as might occur at a board meeting.
3. Maintenance of contact, such as the whistling of one partridge hunter to another in order that the proper position may be kept and that accidents may be avoided.
4. Warning of impending danger.
5. Courtship, including a "No Trespassing" sign.
6. Simple enjoyment, as one might play the piano for the fun of it.

At the risk of being called an "anthropomorphist," I should like to illustrate and comment on these observations.

Chatter

The best example of simple chatter among birds, in my experience, is that of a flock of feeding peep—least or semipalmated sandpipers. Hidden in some near-by grass, I have often watched such a flock of peep scurrying hither and yon over freshly exposed mud flats. They keep up a constant little twittering and calling, sometimes interspersed with a louder, higher-pitched complaint as one, lazier and greedier than the others, tries to steal some tidbit from his neighbor. Occasionally, one

of them will make a queer, trilling note, like the bouncing of a xylophone hammer. The whole effect always reminds me of those times when, as a boy, I was sick in an upstairs bed, while a tea party was going on below. Chatter, chatter, chatter.

I don't think the peep do it simply to keep contact, although this may be so. Certainly, as all at once they take wing, the chattering ceases. I rather think they do it as a sort of comfort to themselves. It makes each individual feel that he is part of a large flock, where there is safety in numbers—or at least where the mathematical chances of sudden disaster are much reduced. It is the single, fast-flying peep which utters the characteristic shrill peep note.

There are many other birds that have a tendency to chatter. Offhand, I think of crossbills, siskins, cedar waxwings, and English sparrows. They are, of course, all birds which gather in flocks. In fact, I have an idea that all those birds which habitually feed in flocks have the chattering tendency.

Discussion of plans

There comes a day in the fall when the beetle-head (black-bellied plover) seem very restless. The wind is very likely fresh from the northwest and the air carries a distinct suggestion of winter. On such a day, the plaintive, musical call of these plover fills the marsh. Flocks of them, whistling loudly, will for no apparent reason rise up from a juicy-looking flat, and then quickly settle down again.

"Going to move on," you say.

And you are quite right. Next morning, hardly is there one left. Plenty of yellowlegs are about, and other shore birds, but no black-bellied plover.

Canada geese, I am pretty certain, communicate by voice. If one watches the actions of a flock, led by a big, white, old gander, especially if they are investigating what appears to be unknown

territory, one can hardly escape the conclusion that the leader is giving orders. There is, of course, no way of telling whether the honking which goes back and forth between them is actually a discussion of plans. Certain it is, however, that the old gander may hold the flock high in the air, while he himself goes to investigate. I have seen this happen many times; and it seems inescapable that, when he is thoroughly satisfied, he calls them down by means of his voice.

Then again, it is interesting to watch a flock of geese, bound perhaps for the Carolinas, pass high above a flock feeding along our Cape Cod shores. Such a gabbling and a honking as then goes on!

"Don't be foolish," the migrating flock seems to say. "Come on south where it's warm."

"Mighty good eelgrass here," is the reply. "Why don't you come down and stay awhile? Go south later, if you want to."

Sometimes the high flock will waver, turn, and pitch down in. Sometimes the feeding flock will suddenly rise and follow along. More often, each flock will go its own way, and the noise will gradually subside.

But, of all the birds, crows appear to have the most complete system of communication, although I must admit that I am far from being able to understand it. My son Fred and I have spent many hours trying to learn their language, without too much success. There is one series of rather soft "caws" which we feel sure is a gather call — that is, a call for the gathering of a small group or unit, not the mobilization call for the entire crow population. It is usually uttered from some prominent place, like the roof of a house. Here eight or ten crows will convene. After a considerable period of cawing back and forth, one or two scouts are sent out to see where the best foraging for that day is to be had. Generally, in about fifteen minutes or so, the scouts come back to report. Then there is a great to-do, with all the crows talking at once. Apparently, however, they finally reach a decision, and one by one they fly off, always in the same direction and usually, if they can be followed through the glasses, to the same spot. One day it will be the Skiff Hill pastures; the next, the Beach Marsh; and so on.

All this may sound rather fanciful; but if one spends any considerable amount of time with them, one can hardly escape the conclusion that some birds, at least, have a very elaborate system of communication.

Maintenance of contact

Here again, crows are perhaps the best example. They appear to have definite outposts scattered over the countryside, one within hearing distance of the other. Let the big owl be found roosting in a pine tree and the call goes out. Crows can be seen flying toward the spot from every direction

until there is a black mob of them, calling, pitching, badgering. At last the big gray bird becomes sick of the din and glides silently off to some more secure hiding place.

Another interesting fact is that there seem to be degrees of mobilization. A stray cat may call up only ten or fifteen crows; a red-tailed hawk, maybe twenty-five; while a big owl or a fox may bring literally hundreds down on himself. Surely the outposts, or liaison agents, must be able to indicate the severity of the emergency and whether local or general mobilization is indicated.

Of course, the commonest example of the use of bird voices for contact is the constant calling during migration. If one lies under the stars on the night of a big flight of small birds, he will find the air filled with a continuous series of chips and chirps as the tiny folk traverse the dark heavens.

In the fall one may see two or three bluebirds sitting on the peak of the barn roof. All around them, in the cedars, on the ground, on the south platform of the house, are hundreds of chipping sparrows and pine warblers, with perhaps a prairie or two, or some other warbler, in addition. Suddenly, the bluebirds begin their soft warble and, after a few moments, fly off. Then there starts up a tremendous chipping and chirping. Soon the pine warblers take wing, in ones and twos, followed more slowly by the sparrows, until the last straggler has gone and not a bird remains.

Obviously, this great loose flock, which may take many minutes to get under way, keeps itself together by means of constant calling. And the flock seems to be led by bluebirds, sometimes aided by a robin or two.

Danger

There can be no doubt that certain birds have calls which mean "Look out!" The scream of the blue jay, sometimes much to the annoyance of the hunter, is familiar to anyone who travels the woods. Nor is the significance of these calls limited to the species which make them. The blue jay's scream, for instance, will alert not only all other birds within its range, but also all animals.

Not so well known is the alarm note of shore birds. I have never been quite able to attach any specific note to any specific species. I think the note, if heard by itself without all the attendant excitement, would readily identify the species. But as soon as it is uttered, there is a general turmoil. All the shore birds within hearing take wing. Large flocks of red-backed sandpipers will hurtle into the air and sweep off in a body, twisting this way and that with perfect precision, now gleaming white, now suddenly turning dark.

Sometimes, one may pick out with the glasses the cause of all this disturbance. Perhaps it is the peregrine, or duck hawk, whose lightning twists and turns always seem to be just a hair too late;

or perhaps it is his smaller cousin, the merlin, or pigeon hawk; or possibly it is one of those round-winged Accipiters, the sharp-shinned or the Cooper's hawk.

For all of these the shore bird's cry is the same. The note is shrill, very high pitched, and insistent. Once you have heard it, there is no mistaking it. Not always, however, can you find the marauder. The sharpness of vision of these shore birds is unbelievable, and their ability to identify their enemies almost more astonishing. I have heard a red-backed sandpiper give the warning cry when the dangerous falcon, to mere human eyes, was only a tiny speck in the sky.

Very different is the effect produced by our friend the marsh hawk. When the call goes out, it is much less emphatic. Only those shore birds which have chosen tide holes or shut-in creeks take wing. Those on the open flats merely suspend their search for food for a moment and cock a wary eye.

Occasionally, instead of flying when the alarm is given, a shore bird will "freeze." I have seen a beetlehead, when the cry came, lie on his belly on the mud and draw in his neck so that he looked like nothing more than a hunk of seaweed. Only his sharp eye, tilted up toward the sky, could give him away.

There are many other birds, possibly all, which have a certain call that means "Watch out! Danger!" Whether one calls it bird language or not makes very little difference. There can be no question that when the call comes, most birds, and often some animals, pay heed. And usually it is well for them that they do!

Courtship

The theory that song is used by many birds to establish territorial boundaries during the nesting season seems very reasonable and tends to be borne out by what I have observed. It is, however, quite impossible to tell how much of the song can be attributed to this purpose and how much to a courtship performance. Certainly, in many species, the males arrive first and are followed at some later date by the females. For instance, this is particularly true of robins. If one discounts flocks of wintering robins, so often seen in February, the very red breasted, dark headed males arrive some two weeks before the females. The male immediately starts trying to sing. His first attempts are often rather feeble, but after a few days he gets oiled up, and his joyous song from the near-by oak every morning ushers in the sunrise.

This early song appears to be chiefly territorial in purpose, for let another male come too close and a fight will ensue. Or if the robin should catch sight of his reflection in a windowpane, there may be a great to-do. But, when his lady arrives, who shall say that his song is not aimed at her? Certainly, a robin in full song would melt a heart of stone.

Other bird performances seem to me much more definitely a courtship act. The scream of the red-shouldered hawk coming from high out of the air may represent a warning to other hawks; but his sudden, vertical plunge down to within a few feet of the treetops surely is done to impress his mate. The zooming boom of the nighthawk, the flight performance of the woodcock, the drumming of the partridge, and the crow of the pheasant may serve both purposes, although I like to think of them as courtship activities.

To watch a pheasant crowing is quite an experience. He makes a mighty effort and produces a horrible squawk. This is accompanied and followed by a brief but rapid drumming of his wings. If you listen closely, on a still day, you can hear the drumming sound coming immediately after the crow.

Another courtship act which fascinates me is that of the bittern. One must admit that he is a funny-looking bird. He appears at his most ludicrous when, in attempting to hide, he stands thin and straight, with bill pointing toward the zenith. The light and dark stripes of his neck blend with the grass in which he is standing, and it takes a sharp eye to pick him out. Most people are familiar with his "song," likened by some to the noise of the driving of a stake or the sucking of a pump. But it is much more than that. It has a rich, full-bodied quality as it comes booming out of a fresh-water marsh.

The bittern is so retiring that relatively few people ever see him perform. He goes through terrific contortions, as if he were becoming deathly ill, and then suddenly out comes the boom. Meanwhile, from somewhere at the base of his neck where they usually remain safely hidden, appear two long, white plumes. For some time, the bittern keeps up his pumping. Finally, perhaps from pure fatigue, he stops; and the white feathers vanish as mysteriously as they came.

Of recent years, we have had near the Farm House several pairs of nesting prairie horned larks. This tiny bird has a very insignificant song which I gather is not nearly as musical as his English cousin's. However, he does his best by it. Up, up he flies, squeaking for all his might; higher and yet higher, until the eye, even with the aid of binoculars, can no longer follow, unless there should be handy a white cloud. For a long while, the squeaking goes on until all at once the little bird plunges down to the earth and lights close by the nest where his mate is sitting. Surely this, too, is a courtship performance.

Of all the bird songs, perhaps the crow's song is the most definitely an act of wooing. So shy is he, however, that few people have ever heard him perform. I have talked with experienced field ornithologists who had never heard the crow's song, and who, when I have spoken of it, have

looked at me with disbelieving eyes. I myself have heard it only twice; and others who have told me of it have heard it only very rarely.

One day, my cousin and I were lazily paddling down the Ipswich River. There came from downstream of us that curious, staccato note of the crow — the one which resembles the rapid plucking of a taut string. Over and over, he repeated it.

"Keep quiet," my cousin whispered. "Maybe he'll sing for us."

We drifted slowly downstream, making no motion and no sound. And then, just as we came around a bend, the crow began to sing. He and his lady-love were sitting near the top of a high pine and from his wide-open beak was coming a series of clear, bell-like notes. To me, they sounded both musical and sweet; and they certainly were as different from the crow's normal voice as anything could be. Suddenly, the singer caught sight of us; and, with a series of protesting caws which to my imaginative ear contained a definite element of reproach, both crows flew off out of sight. Since then, only once have I heard the crow's love song.

As a practical matter, I suppose it makes little difference whether bird song is mostly territorial in nature or is definitely directed toward obtaining and holding a mate. Certain it is that bird song reaches its peak during the nesting season. Here in Massachusetts, this occurs in late May, after which the singing gradually peters out. Early July may bring a slight recrudescence, but by the end of the month it has largely disappeared. Except for the indefatigable vireo, only an occasional whistle from an oriole or a halfhearted attempt by a robin interrupts the sleepy buzz of August locusts.

Simple enjoyment

It seems to be unfashionable to suppose that birds, or animals for that matter, do anything just for the fun of it. I am sure, however, that frequently they do.

The hill and cedar bank which separate the Farm House from the Nauset Marsh face south. Come, then, when there is a good fresh southwester blowing and watch the herring gulls. They will start at the east end of the cedar bank, meet the up-draft, and with not a single wing-beat slide up along the brow of the hill, headed due west. However, when they come to where the hill drops down to the Salt Pond Creek, instead of scaling off across the Salt Pond and over to the Great Pond or perhaps the West Shore, as is often their custom, they make an abrupt turn to the east, coast off down to leeward, luff up over the east edge of the cedar

bank, and slide by again. I have watched a single gull repeat this performance eight or ten times, and I cannot escape the notion that, like so many humans, gulls enjoy the feeling of effortless travel.

As for singing for the fun of it, I can't help thinking of the red-eyed vireo. He doesn't have what could be called a beautiful song. In fact, it is so indefinite that one can listen to it for an hour or more without actually hearing it. Day in, day out, the incessantly repeated trio of notes goes on and on. It does not matter how hot or sultry the day, there is no minute of it when one cannot hear the vireo's song. And he keeps it up way through the summer when other birds have become silent. I cannot believe the vireos do it for any other reason than that they like to. They remind me of a young lad, strolling aimlessly down the street, loudly whistling. Whatever the facts, I am quite sure the boy and the bird are doing it for the same reason. And I think that reason is that they just plain like the sound of it.

Of all the Farm House birds, the meadow larks seem to me the most representative. With us, they are permanent residents; and, in those rare years when there is long-standing snow on Outer Cape Cod, many of them die. About ten years ago, for instance, the Cape had one snowstorm after another, and the meadow larks practically disappeared. Now, however, they are more numerous than I have ever seen them. Last November we saw eighteen flying in a loose flock — more than I have ever before seen together.

But it was of the meadow lark's song that I particularly wished to speak. One may hear those clear, sweetly whistled notes in any month of the year — not so often in winter, perhaps, as in spring, but often enough to brighten the winter sky. Here is no question of maintaining territorial boundaries. Here is no question of nuptial activity. Surely, the meadow lark is singing for the simple joy of it, and because he is, no doubt, proud of his achievement.

As I lie in bed on a cold, still December day and wonder if I shall ever have the courage to leave it, suddenly from the top of a near-by cedar come those few clear notes. They make me feel ashamed of my laziness and I get up with a zest I would not otherwise have had. Perhaps, while the bacon is frying, even I break out into "song." And this I do, I can assure one and all, neither to keep off trespassers — a method which, incidentally, might prove very effective — nor in order to impress my wife. I do it simply because I feel like it.

My guess is that birds sing for the same reason.



In The Canticle of the Rose, Poems: 1917 to 1949, we see the development of EDITH SITWELL, England's foremost woman poet. We feel the excitement of her early poems with their strange compelling rhythm, and we feel the power and penetration of her later work with its splendid sweep and color. On her visit to America last year, Dr. Sitwell showed the Atlantic her Notebook on William Shakespeare, from which we have drawn two papers, the first on Macbeth, the second on King Lear — each remarkable for its interpretation and scholarship.

“KING LEAR”

by EDITH SITWELL

1

IN Shakespeare's tragedies, sometimes the gigantic phrases, thrown up by passion, have the character of those geological phenomena, brought about in the lapse of cosmical time, by the sun's heat, by the retained internal heat of the earth — or they seem part of the earth, fulgurites, rocky substances fused or vitrified by lightning, as in *Timon of Athens*. Or, as in *King Lear*, the words seem thunderbolts, hurled from the heart of a heaven. *King Lear*, *Timon of Athens*, seem the works of a god who is compact of earth and pie, of whom it might be said he is a fifth element.

As flies to wanton boyes are wee to the Gods:
They kill us for their sport.

“Here,” wrote Swinburne, “is no need of the Eumenides, children of Night everlasting, for here is very Night herself. The words just cited are not casual or episodical, they strike the keynote of the whole poem, lay the keynote of the whole arch of thought. . . . We have heard much and often from the theologians of the light of revelation: and some such thing indeed we find in Æschylus; but the darkness of revelation is here.

“For in this, the most terrible work of human genius, it is with the very springs and sources of nature that her student has set himself to deal. The veil of the temple of our humanity is rent in twain.”

Here, in this play in which the cry sounds always “Poor Tom's a-cold!” (Man going bare to Death, or Man under “the extremitie of the skies”) unrolls before us the history of a great King powerful and ancient as the heavens, who must learn that his hands “smelle of mortalitie” — and who through the darkness of the mind reaches the Night of the Soul (but not that which is known by the Saints) — and, through the Night of the Soul, reaches the light. And this history is mirrored by that of the

great King's lesser counterpart, his servant Gloucester — the lusts of the heart in Gloucester taking the place of the pride of the will.

Cries the mad Lear to his blinded servant: —

O, O ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head nor money in your purse. Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.

GLOUCESTER

I see it feelingly.

LEAR

What! Art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes (IV, 6).

One of the keynotes of the play, I suggest, is the phrase spoken by the supposed madman, Edgar: —

. . . Nero is an angler in the lake of Darknesse
(III, 6).

In Book II, Chapter 37, of Pausanius' *Description of Greece*, occurs this passage: —

“I saw also a spring, called the spring of Amphiarus, and the Alcyonian Lake. Through this lake, the Argives say, Dionysus went to Hell to fetch up Semele; and they say that Polymnus showed him the way down to Hell. The lake is bottomless. I never heard of any one who was able to sound the depth. Nero himself made the experiment, taking every precaution to ensure success. He had lines made many furlongs long: these he joined together and weighted with lead, but he could find no bottom. I was told, too, that smooth and still as the waters of the lake look to the eye, it yet has the property of sucking down any one who is rash enough to swim in it. The water catches him, and sweeps him down into the depths.”

The meaning of this line of Edgar's, taken in conjunction with the above passage (to which, I would

suggest, it must refer), is of an appalling greatness and terror.

"The lake of Darknesse" — the bottomless depths of human nature, in which the mad Lear, the blinded Gloucester (in that world in which child turns against parent, Nature against Man), and the ghost of Nero the matricide, find blackness after blackness, depth beneath depth.

Nor is this all. In many a line of Shakespeare's, there is a second meaning, — and this lake through which Dionysus went to Hell to fetch up Semele may also be the lake of human sorrows, through which (in this world of transpositions) Lear and Gloucester, the fathers, went to recover the beloved Cordelia, the beloved Edgar.

Higden, as translated by Trevisa, uses this appalling phrase: ". . . he [Nero] let kerne his own moder wombe, for he wolde see the place that he was conceived in."

And Shakespeare evidently regarded Nero as the pattern of all matricides.

In *King John* (V, 2) occur the lines

Yon bloody Neros, ripping up the wombe
Of your deere Mother England.

I ask myself, therefore, if the image of Nero angling in the lake of Darknesse may not, in addition to those meanings I have suggested, be an image of Lear, who, in his prayer to Nature to kill the sources of life in his daughter, struck at the very heart of Nature, disturbing that lake of Darknesse, the original chaos from which all being arose.

The old King, the events of the play, have the hugeness of Nature's forces. With the "waters of old fond eies,"

. . . poor old heart, he help the heavens to raine
(III, 7).

Those tears have the mightiness of the heavens in dissolution, that would "temper clay" — the cold clay of the earth, and of Goneril's and Regan's hearts. The clay of his own nature.

At one moment, the King who had left humanity to its wickedness, as Lot's wife left Sodom, cast a glance over his shoulder at the abandoned and abandoning — moved by an instance of kindness, a redeeming pity in the heart of Man.

In answer to the words of the Messenger sent by Cordelia,

You shall have anything.

Lear, the humble, replies: —

No seconds? All myself?
Why this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pottes,
Ay, and laying Autumne's dust, (IV, 6)

— a man of tears, laying the dust that the fullness of life, the ripeness, has laid upon the heart.

Lear knows, now, that he is Nothing. But with

that knowledge of Nothingness comes Patience. "Nothing." "Patience." These two words, and the words "Good Night," echo through the play.

At first, powerful and ancient as the heavens, the great King calls upon them, as upon an equal, to avenge him upon his unnatural offspring: —

O heavens,

If you do love olde men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause, send downe and take my part
(II, 4).

And Nature, his mother, having heard the appalling curse he pronounces upon his child: —

Dry up in her the Organs of increase,

— seeing in this prayer a crime against her holiest laws, an unnatural abomination, turns the prayer

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top!

against him, pours "the extremitie of the skies" upon his uncovered head.

"How else," said Nietzsche, writing of the *Ædipus* myth, "could one force Nature to surrender her secrets, but by victoriously opposing her . . . i.e. by means of the unnatural. It is this intuition I see imprinted by the awful riddle of the destiny of *Ædipus*. . . . The man who solves the riddle of Nature . . . that double-constituted Sphinx, must also, as the murderer of his father, the husband of his mother, break the holiest laws of Nature."

2

IN THIS play, we see the upheaval of all Nature, the reversal of all histories.

In the beginning of the legend, Cronos devoured his own offspring. In *King Lear*, the brood devours the parent, in whom Age had become Time, and Time a fifth element. In the myth of *Ædipus*, son of Laius, King of Thebes, the Theban King, having learned from the oracle that he was doomed to die by the hand of his own son, exposed that son upon Mount Cithaeron immediately after his birth, with his hands and feet tied together. Here it is Lear, the father, who having first cast from his bosom his child Cordelia, is then shut from the gates to wander under the "extremitie of the skies," as an outcast. The eyes, not feet, of Gloucester, the father of Edmund, and the smaller echo of the great King, are pierced, and he is thrust outside the gates, to wander in blindness.

In the Fourth Scene of the Third Act, when Lear says "I'll talk with this same learned Theban," the outcast King has reversed his role. He is no longer *Ædipus*, but is the Sphinx, who must ask the great question. . . . And it is the naked man exposed upon the mountains — one more naked even than the questioner, — one who has nothing but his

bare humanity, who is now Œdipus the Theban, who can give an answer to the Riddle. No longer does the Sphinx, as in the ancient legend, put an oblique question, to which the answer is: "This is Man." Instead, bare and terrible, the question is put. Lear, the Sphinx, asks: "Is Man no more than this?"

But in this work of Night, no answer comes from the Naked Man, — no direct answer, only a few meaningless words, like dust from the ruins. But behind that huddle of meaningless words, lies the true answer: "Man is nothing."

The sounds of the words "Nothing" and "Patience" reverberate through the play.

Almost at the beginning, Lear and his daughter Cordelia reply to each other with this word: —

LEAR
Speak.
CORDELIA
Nothing, my lord.
LEAR
Nothing!
CORDELIA
Nothing.
LEAR
Nothing will come of nothing: (I, 1) . . .

There are echoes of this in the Fourth Scene of Act One: —

FOOL
Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?
LEAR
Why no, boy, nothing can be made of nothing.
And again: —
FOOL
Now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now. I am a Fool, thou art nothing.

This is Man, with his "lendings" off, — and before the light came through darkness, through being blind and having stripped God naked of things.

When, in the Second Scene of the First Act, Gloucester, asking to see the letter Edmund pretends to have received from his brother, says "The quality of nothing hath not such neede to hide it selfe," — it seems like one of those strange echoes, or sibylline utterances, which abound in Shakespeare.

Nothing. Nothingness, — and yet in Shakespeare there is no waste, no barrenness. All is of some use.

In *King Lear*, as in other of the plays, tears seem, not a barren waste overflow, but a sign of the quickening spirit of redemption. They are a life-giving wonder.

All the bless'd virtues of the earth
Spring from these tears.

"Be your tears wet?" Lear asks Cordelia. "Yes faith, I pray, weep not." Yet by those tears, he knows that she lives yet, and is not a phantom returned to him from the grave.

Through the night of the soul, a terrible wisdom comes to the mad King, and his blind and lesser prototype. Gloucester says: —

I have no way, and therefore want no eyes,
I stumbled when I saw (IV, 1).

The lust of the eyes, the pride of the heart, are gone.

3

THIS play would seem to be largely a diatribe against procreation.

EDGAR
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vile place where thee he got
Cost him his eyes (V, 3).

GLOUCESTER to LEAR
Dost thou know me?

LEAR to EYELESS GLOUCESTER
I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squinny at me? No, doe thy worst, blind Cupid, Ile not love (IV, 6).

LEAR (*crying*)
No, they cannot touch me for coyning:
I am the King himselfe,

— the coining to which he refers is, I think, the procreation of his two elder daughters, that base metal.

The lusts of the heart and of the flesh will not keep the body warm in the face of Death.

FOOL
. . . Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old Letcher's heart, a small sparke, all the rest on's body cold. Look! (*as Gloucester approaches*) here comes a walking fire! (III, 4)

Were it not, however, for the baseness of Man-kind, procreation would seem to be the greater good, and the giving of life the purpose behind all Nature. And at first, they seem to be so. As the most appalling of all curses, Lear calls upon his mother and goddess, Nature, to curse Goneril with sterility.

Heare, Nature, heare! deere Goddess, heare!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this Creature fruitfull!
Into her Wombe convey sterility!
Dry up in her the Organs of increase,
And from her derogate body, never spring
A Babe to honor her! If she must teeme,
Create her child of Spleene, that it may live
And be a thwart disnature'd torment to her!
Let it stampe wrinckles in her brow of youth;

With cadent teares fret Channels in her cheekes,
 Turne all her Mother's paines and benefits
 To laughter and contempt: that she may feele
 How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
 To have a thankless childe. Away, away (I, 4).

(Here, the second and third lines — it must be remembered that the third line was then pronounced with each syllable sounding: "To make this Creature fru-ite-full" — have no pause, move with the slow irresistible power and horror of a tidal wave. There are pauses of uneven lengths, as if the earth had been worn into chasms by the retreating flood of passion. Sometimes, there seems to be an upheaval of the earth itself, as in the sounds of the words "sterility," "derogate.")

At one moment of his madness, the voice of Lear, the great King, pardoning the life of a man who should die for the sin of adultery, changes to that of Nature herself, blessing the procreation of all life: —

Thou shalt not dye! dye for Adultery! No!
 The Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Flye
 Do's letcher in my sight.
 Let Copulation thrive: for Gloucester's bastard Son
 Was kinder to his father than my Daughters
 Got 'twene the lawfull sheets.
 Too't Luxury, pell-mell! for I lacke Souldiers (IV, 6).

The first part of this speech is beneficent but unseeing, like the sun whose warmth brings into being the life hidden in insect's egg, in chrysalis, on a garden wall.

After this, the voice that speaks is no longer that of Nature alone, but is also, once again, the voice of the King who may condemn. The two voices are fused into one, as in uncaring tones, the true reason for the procreation of life is divulged: that there may be struggle and destruction: —

For I lacke Souldiers!

This is followed by the Stygian, smirching darkness of Lear's invective against Woman, the lustful, the life-giving. This darkness at first has shape, but then crumbles, falls at last into that Chaos in which the world will end.

It is not without a reason that the vastly formed verse of the first lines, blessing the procreation of life, gutters down, gradually, into an unshaped prose, whose very words seem "the grosser parts of Chaos falling down toward the centre of the earth."

Behold yond simpering Dame,
 Whose face between her Forkes presages snow;
 That minces virtue, and does shake the head
 To heare of pleasure's name;
 The Fitchew nor the soyled horse goes too't
 With a more riotous appetite.
 Downe from the waste they are Centaures,
 Though Women all above:
 But to the Girdle doe the gods inherit,
 Beneath is all the fiends.

There's hell, there's darkness, there is the Sulphurous pit;

Burning, scalding, stench, Consumption: Fye, fie, fie!
 pah, pah! Give me an Ounce of Civet, good Apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's Money for thee.

GLOUCESTER

O! let me kisse that hand.

LEAR

Let me wipe it first:
 It smelles of Mortality (IV, 6).

"Are not all things generated out of their opposites? I mean such things as good and evil, just and unjust. . . . And I want to show that in all opposites there is, of necessity, a similar alternation. I mean to say, for example, that anything which becomes great must become greater after being less."

Thus spoke Socrates, just before his death; and the words were reported in the *Phaedo Dialogue*, which I believe may possibly have been in Shakespeare's mind at the time of the creation of certain passages in *King Lear*.

I advance this suggestion with the greatest humility, since I do not wish to exhibit such a spirit as that of "the late Mr. Simpson," to whom Swinburne paid tribute in *A Study of Shakespeare*, as one "who must have had beyond all other sane men — most assuredly beyond all other fairly competent critics — the gift bestowed on him by a malignant fairy, of mistaking assumption for argument and possibility for proof. He was the very Columbus of mares' nests; to the discovery of them, though they lay far beyond the pillars of Hercules, he would apply all shifts and all resources possible to an Ultra Baconian process of unphilosophical induction."

But it is certain that from Lear (the element of fire, the will, the pride, the passion, which are the essence of fire), generated the endless cold of Goneril and Regan. To become greater, Lear became less. Out of his madness was born his wisdom.

4

IN THIS play, of which the beings are gigantic as phantoms from Thebes or Cyclopean cities, but yet have tides of blood beating in their veins, one theme is that of the war between the ordinary nature and the King-nature, the sacred madness that is genius; — the war of the waking workaday world, the "world of appearance, with its exceeding distrust of the Titanic powers of Nature," against "the rapture of the Dionysian state, the annihilation of the ordinary bounds and limits of existence."

At first, Goneril and Regan are not, in their own view, nor from the world's point of view, wicked. Their practical natures, the nature of the waking world, must protect the old mad genius-King against himself and his fires.

Indeed, at one moment, the voice of Regan, the

evil daughter, seems that of the discerning Fate that will bring the old man wisdom: —

O! sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters (II, 4).

At first, these daughters tell themselves that they are but doing their duty towards their father, and towards the world. The sane workaday world, the world of Appearance, must be protected against him. Economies must be effected, a quiet life ensured. But, with power, their coldness hardens, and the evil takes shape. Of the two sisters, Goneril is the greater, in force, in coldness. The difference between them appears when Regan says of Gloucester: —

Hang him instantly.

The colder, infinitely greater Goneril says: —

Plucke out his eyes (III, 7).

Then Regan, from the low horror of her nature, conceives the idea, more frightful even than that of Goneril: —

Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover.

Gloucester, the sensual man, is to be reduced to the most animal of the senses . . . that in which Man is most deficient, but which is most powerful in, and makes the greatness of, the Beast.

The blind man is to smell, not feel, his way to Dover. The sense of touch is what separated Man from the beasts, and gave him reason.

Gloucester is to become one of the company of the Lion.

"He [Shakespeare] seems to have been asking himself" (said Bradley) "whether that which he loathes in man, may not be due to some strange wrenching of the frame of things, through which the lower animal souls have found a lodgement in human forms, and there found, to the horror and confusion of the thinking mind — brains to forge, tongues to speak, and hands to execute, enormities which no mere brute can conceive or execute. He shows us in *King Lear* these terrible forces bursting into monstrous life and flinging themselves upon these human beings who are weak and defenceless, partly from old age, partly because they are human and lack the dreadful energy of the beast."

"Thou chang'd and self-cover'd thing, for shame," says Albany to Goneril. And constantly Lear refers to the covering of Man. It is as if these beings wished to hide their evil souls, taking upon themselves the covering of the beast.

There are references to the "detested kite," or to the "false of heart, light of care, bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, Fox in stealth, Wolfe in greedinesse, Dog in madnesse, Lyon in prey."

There is a passage relating to the transference of

the baser souls into the bodies of certain animals, in the *Phaedo Dialogue*: —

"SOCRATES: . . . The souls, not of the good, but of the evil . . . are compelled to wander about . . . in payment of the penalty of their former evil way of life; and they continue to wander until through the craving after the corporeal which never leaves them, they are imprisoned finally in another body. And they may be supposed to find their prisons in the same natures which they had in their former lives.

" . . . Those who had chosen the portion of injustice and tyranny and violence, will pass into wolves, or into hawks and kites; — whither else can we expect them to go?"

However, there is also much to suggest that Harsnet's *Declaration* was the source of this. For in that work there is a scene in which the Jesuits cast out of the possessed Mainy the seven deadly sins, in the shape of animals, — Mainy, with each casting out, acting that particular sin. This book, *A Declaration of Egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw Her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance*, etc., written by Dr. S. Harsnet (afterwards Archbishop of York) by order of the Privy Council, and printed in 1603, is referred to more than once in the scenes with Edgar the supposed madman. Frateretto, who brought the news about Nero, was one of the devils mentioned in the *Declaration*.

As for

The prince of darkness is a gentleman
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu,

in Harsnet, we find, in the deposition of the possessed Richard Mainy: —

"Furthermore it is pretended . . . that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modo*." (He is referred to, elsewhere, as "the prince *Modo*.") *Mahu* was the chief devil possessing Sarah Williams.

5

WHEN, in Act II, Scene 4, Lear says of the supposed madman Edgar, "I'd talke a word with this same learned Theban" — may not the Theban have been at once Ædipus, son of the King of Thebes, — he who could answer the question of the Sphinx, — and one of those two Thebans who were the last companions of Socrates when, released from his chains, he awaited Death? We read of their conversations with Socrates in the *Phaedo Dialogue*: —

"The execution of Socrates having been deferred, Socrates talks with two Thebans, Simmias and Cebes, whom by his enchantments he has attracted from Thebes."

In the *Dialogue*, after a long discussion about the evils of the body and of the senses and the lusts of the body, and of the vain nature of the clothing of Man, it is asked: "Have sight and hearing any truth

in them?" "He [who] has got rid, as far as he can, of eyes and ears and of the whole body, which he conceives of only as a disturbing element, hindering the soul from the acquisition of truth and knowledge . . . is not this the sort of man who, if any man, is likely to attain to the knowledge of true being?"

Later, Socrates says to the two Thebans, "Like children, you are haunted with a fear that when the soul leaves the body, the wind may really blow her away, and scatter her, especially if a man should happen to die in a great storm, and not when the sky is calm."

To which Cebes answers: "Then, Socrates, you must argue us out of our fears — and yet, strictly speaking, they are not our fears; but there is a child within us to whom Death is a sort of hobgoblin: him too we must persuade, not to be afraid when he is alone in the dark."

In *King Lear*, we have one to whom the darkness of the mind brought a wisdom greater than that of Socrates (one, who, like Socrates, is soon to cast off the chains of the body) — enduring the utmost rigours of a storm such as might blow the soul away, speaking of the vain nature of the clothing of man, then comforting one who is alone in the dark through the blindness of the eyes, but who had stumbled when he saw. The great King who has known all splendours, all the richness of life, and their true worth, comforts the destitute — him from whom even the sight of the world has been taken: —

Thou must be patient: we came crying hither:
Thou know'st the first time that we smel the ayre
We waul and cry. I will preache to thee: Marke.

When we are borne we crie that wee are come
To this great stage of fooles.

"Are not all things generated out of their opposites?" Patience from madness, the richness of the spirit from the destitution of the body.

After the piteous humility of the moment when the King proclaims himself no higher than a beggar at whom the dogs bark: —

. . . the little dogges and all,
Trey, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see they barke
at me (III, 6),

and: —

You must bear with me.
Pray you now; forget and forgive; I am old and
foolish (IV, 7).

(although there are moments when he thinks that the mortal wound to his brain was gained in battle,

as if he were young and great and still acknowledged to be a King: —

. . . Let me have surgeons:
I am cut to the braines (IV, 6),)

the two beings, Cordelia, from whose sorrows

All you unpublished virtues of the earth
Spring with my teares (IV, 4),

and the old King whose eyes are

. . . garden water-pottes,
Ay, and laying Autumne's dust,

await the coming darkness.

When Lear says: —

Pray you, undoe this Button: thank you, sir (V, 3),

— he is, I think, asking to be released from his outworn life . . . from his "lendings." . . . So little a thing, now, is Death to him — only the undoing of a button, then the casting-off of the rags of mortality.

That world of night, *King Lear*, contains all degrees of darkness, from the lines spoken by Goneril: —

. . . Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless land
(IV, 2)

(where, by the use of the word "noiseless" we are given a land of night where all the sounds of life are quenched in darkness) — to the advance into a still darker night of

Childe Rowland to the darke tower came (III, 4).

Both the quartos print this alternative: —

Childe Rowland to the dark towne came.

It is not for me to pronounce on the rightness or wrongness of this, when men who are learned have judged it better not to do so. But my instinct (and this, alone, can guide me) tells me that "towne" may have been in that giant mind, and that certain reasons have led to the change to "tower."

If he wrote "towne," originally, then we know, beyond any doubt, what he meant. The "dark towne" is Death (and the passage was so understood by Byron). But the reasons for the change may have been these. In the dark *towne* the roofs are low; our house is our coffin. We are huddled together, are one of a nation, are equal.

If we come to the dark *tower*, we are alone with our soul. The roof is immeasurably high, — as high as heaven. In that eternal solitude there are echoes.



An Atlantic Story



AL CAPP's drawings were first syndicated in 1934, and since then he has risen to be one of the most popular and articulate of our comic artists. He does not know, nor does anyone else, how many copies of his books of *Li'l Abner* cartoons have been distributed; the number is astronomical. His book *The Life and Times of the Shmoo* was a best-seller, and he is now writing his first extended work of prose, *Inside Al Capp*, which Simon and Schuster are to publish in the autumn and from which we shall publish a series of chapters in preview.

YOUNG VAN SCHUYLER'S GREATEST ROMANCE

by AL CAPP

WILLIAM SAROYAN, in those days when he wrote about how exhilarating it was to be a successful author, and how sad it had been to be a poor boy; and how sad it was to be a successful author, and how exhilarating it had been to be a poor boy, told a story of his youthful love affair with a Society Girl and called it "One of The Least Sensational Romances of All History."

Now, this story reminds me of a romance *I* had with a Society Girl when *I* was a boy. Not that our romances were really much alike. For instance, Saroyan was a poor boy, and by his talent became rich and successful. I was a one-legged boy; I had talent, too; and I became rich and successful—but I still have one leg. (This remark may seem clumsy, pompous, and a bit unnecessary; but it is a literary trick of great shrewdness, as you will see as this carefully planned tale unfolds.)

Another thing that was entirely different in our experiences was that when Saroyan was a boy he was very poor, so he hated kids who were rich (kids who ate regularly; kids who didn't have to sell papers to eat at all) and refused even to be civil to them. Not me.

I was just as poor as he was, so I hung around kids who were rich. I felt that association with kids who were rich made an impression on girls. I figured girls would think *I* was rich, too, and meant to take them out if I asked for a date. And so they'd give me dates, and I would come over to their houses, and sit around and neck for a couple of evenings, until they got wise to the fact that I didn't have any money to take them out, and never

would have, since I preferred hanging around rich kids, and dating girls under false pretenses, to earning a hard dollar selling newspapers, as young Saroyan did.

Another reason Saroyan's boyhood was nothing at all like mine was this: to express his contempt for rich kids, *he* bought himself a pair of hideous red shoes, the kind no kid, especially rich kids, whose parents had taste, or simply control over them, would ever wear, and he wore 'em to show how different he was from them. I tried to dress exactly *like* the rich kids. Fortunately for me, the rich kids of that place and time (Bridgeport, Connecticut, in the late nineteen-twenties) tried to dress exactly like Yale students, who, at that college in that time, were trying to dress exactly like Bowery bums.

That was the era when nothing was more chic than being stained, baggy, and unsanitary. That era and I were made for each other.

You could tell a "working boy" by the fact that his clothes were neat, his pants pressed, and there were no sweat stains on his hatband. All this marked him as of the lower classes. The "collegiate" or upper-class boy was a carefully planned mess. I didn't have to plan. It all came naturally to me.

Saroyan's romance ended when he discovered his girl was a phony. I guess that's what there was about it that reminded me of mine. My romance ended when my girl discovered that *I* was a phony.

If you remember back to my second paragraph, you will note that I made a joke about having one

leg. You will also note that it wasn't a very good joke. That's because, no matter how hard I try in a perhaps contemptible effort to be cheery, bluff, and hearty about it (in keeping with my position as a humorist), I really don't think it's a joke. It's quite an inconvenience. That's all it is to me now, that is, because I have had one leg since I was nine, and that was many years ago. But when I was sixteen, having a limp, and a squeak in my knee joint, was more than just an inconvenience; it was the burning shame of my life.

I couldn't conceal this shame from the girls at Central High School, but I had a way of fooling another world of girls. That was the world of girls from other high schools and girls from other towns who shopped at D. M. Read's. After school, I'd prop myself up against D. M. Read's, alongside the entrance, and try to pick up girls who couldn't tell I had one leg. When I say I tried to pick them up, I'm stretching it a bit. It went this way: first I'd catch their eyes and then I'd simultaneously flare my nostrils (to indicate that despite my sloppy, refined appearance there was plenty of animal in me — Valentino's pictures were popular at that time) and smile a crooked one-sided smile at 'em exactly like William Haines, who was then my ideal of what a roistering rake should be. Mostly the girls passed me by in embarrassment, or shock, but every now and then, one would smile at me, slow up, and look back invitingly.

Now here is where saying that I picked them up was kind of stretching it. You see, if I moved from where I stood, and walked after a girl, she'd see or hear (that squeak was terrible) that I had a wooden leg. Her look of sympathy would take all the pride from my conquest. And so I never moved. Just my head. If a girl looked back I'd look the other way. On a good afternoon I'd have as many as ten look-backs and look-aways.

2

My Great Romance happened this way. The only thing that made it great was that it was the only one I ever followed through. It was the only time I didn't look away.

A big black Packard limousine drew up in front of D. M. Read's. In it were a chauffeur, an old lady (thirty-five), and a Society Girl (fifteen, but with a bosom). The doorman recognized the car, groveled, and said it was quite all right for them to park there, and so it was obvious to me that those inside the car were of a station far above the law. While the doorman was talking to the chauffeur I flared my nostrils and smiled my repellent crooked smile at the girl. She looked startled and then said, "I don't think I'll go in, Mother, I think I'll wait for you here" — and as her mother stepped out, the girl flared *her* nostrils back at *me*, and smiled the most beautiful crooked smile that had

ever been smiled on earth. In fact I was sure that this was the most beautiful girl on earth. She had everything. She had blonde hair, noticeably clean, she had gobs of lipstick, she had a car, so expensive and so respectable that it was entitled to break the law.

The mother disappeared into the store, and the Society Girl asked the chauffeur to run over to Stein's, three blocks away, to get her a special kind of lipstick, and when he'd disappeared, she smiled at me again, an "At-Last-We-Are-Alone" smile, and beckoned for me to come over.

Never again, in my life, have I felt greater triumph, or greater horror.

My flaring nostrils, my sweat-stained hatband, my unpressed pants, my dirty black-and-white saddle-strap Yale-type sport shoes, my nasty leer — all these fascinating things had broken down this beautiful Society Girl's icy reserve, had made of her a pitiful suppliant for my favor; and I couldn't do anything about it. It was ten feet from where I leaned against the wall — to her car. Ten feet — five steps. Five steps — five limps — five squeaks. She would *know*. I would start from D. M. Read's an adored conqueror. I would arrive a boy with a rather cheap and unoiled wooden leg.

And, as she continued to smile, I knew two things: I knew that I couldn't endure losing her and I knew that I couldn't endure exposing my shame by walking over and getting her (getting her name and phone number).

And then, luckily, a Polish lady was killed. Bridgeport had a lot of Poles. Theirs was a culture of humble Christianity and so they were regarded as semi-savage. Polish girls were beautiful, gentle, and could cook, and so it was a disgrace to go out with one. Polish men were strong and skillful and patient, they were the strength and the treasure of Bridgeport industry, and so they were regarded as troublesome and worthless.

The Polish lady had just come out of D. M. Read's Bargain Basement with an armful of packages and stepped out on the street from in front of the illegally parked Packard. At that instant, a hopped-up jalopy with high school kids sprawled inside, and wisecracks scrawled outside, had to swing wildly to avoid hitting the rear end of the Packard, and hit her. People screamed, and everybody rushed over, or turned to look. The Society Girl turned to look. This was my chance. In a couple of hops, I was standing by her car. She hadn't seen me move. I was safe. And we had something to talk about. The accident.

We talked about that for a while, giving it a decent amount of time, but both of us conscious that the *real* disaster was yet to happen — namely, the return of the chauffeur.

And so we were brief and honest with each other. She told me that her name was "Bootsie," that she went to the Loe-Hayward School for Girls in Stam-

ford, and that she lived in Fairfield. I told her that I was Alfred Van Schuyler, a sophomore at Yale, a pretty good track man and fullback, and that the reason I happened to be in Bridgeport was that my Wills St. Claire had broken a gasket and was being repaired in a local garage.

Naturally, she was thrilled at meeting a genuine Yale Man and said she hoped I'd call her up if I was ever in Fairfield. I told her that I was pretty busy and doubted if I'd be in Fairfield before eight o'clock that night. She said that would be specially divine because her family was going out at eight thirty, and she gave this line the throbbing reading it deserved.

I replied, "Pssst — here comes the chauffeur," and while she looked ahead I stepped quickly back and lost myself in the crowd.

Now if I had dropped the whole thing there, it would have remained one of the most triumphant memories of my boyhood. William Haines had never done better than this. Certainly, I had already had out of this romance everything a lad could desire. I had fascinated a proud, beautiful, blonde Society Girl. I had palmed myself off as a Yale Man, and had gotten the worship such Beings deserve. I had been regarded for a few moments as the possessor of a Wills St. Claire. But, most of all, I had been spoken to, in that clear and wonderful and untroubled way that girls speak to boys with two legs. I had had everything. But I spoiled it all.

At seven forty-five I hopped off a truck in Fairfield Square and at eight o'clock I rang the front door bell of Bootsie's one-family (or Society Folks type) house. There was a large porch, with a hammock. That solved my One Great Problem — which was how to further prevent her from discovering my shame; for, if I could beguile her into remaining on the porch, in the darkness, she might not notice my limp, and during the few steps we might have to take to get to the hammock I could talk and laugh loudly enough to drown out the squeak. Not only that, but it was September, and it became mighty cool late in the evening, especially on front porches — so cool that a really suave boy could use protection from it as an excuse for sliding his arm around a girl's waist.

Then the door opened and I abandoned my plans for sliding my arm around Bootsie's waist because Bootsie didn't have a waist. The eager and lovely face was there all right, as I had seen it in the car that afternoon, but now I knew why Bootsie didn't want to step out of the car, just as I hadn't wanted to step toward it while Bootsie could see me. For now I could see all of Bootsie, and all of Bootsie was a terrible thing to behold. All of Bootsie was around two or, heaven only knows, maybe three hundred pounds of desperately laced-in, wildly bursting-out fat; she was in that terrible and pitiful in-between state when Nature

goes on one last grotesque organic binge with a body, before it settles down and fashions a girl. Some day all that funny blubber would be lovely form; the tragedy was that Bootsie, the monster, hoped now for the adoration that would be hers a year or two from now, when she would become Bootsie, a girl.

Well, a Van Schuyler is a gentleman to the core, if he's anything, and I said, "Good evening, Bootsie," as if she were human, and she said, "Goodness, I didn't *dream* it was you — I was listening for a car to come up the driveway."

That one was easy. I was ready for it. That old Wills St. Claire, I explained, had blown *another* gasket, or maybe it was the same one. You can't trust those small-town Bridgeport garages. Only one that can really do a job on a really fine car is the Yale Garage, right near Yale College, where all us athletic Yale students take our cars. It was now in a garage in Fairfield Square, I explained. I'd walked up from there. A long walk yes, but nothing for a track man, I said, standing very still, although Bootsie held the door open invitingly.

In fact, I jabbered on, that walk in the fresh air had been so fine and bracing that it would be silly to deprive ourselves of some more of it and go into any decently warmed old sitting room, and so why not sit out here on this healthy, bracing porch. She was kind of rattled by all this fast, enthusiastic talk, and by being face to face with a Yale Man, so, before she could realize that it was already pretty cold out there and that it would be unbearably cold in a few minutes, she was sitting alongside of me on the hammock, saying enthusiastic things about fresh air, and deprecating things about warmth. She had preceded me, she had not seen or heard me walk, and I was safe and triumphant. And she was looking at me in a way that I recognized. Because that was the way I looked at people who had discovered my shame. I had discovered hers. And in her look was pleading that I not reveal to her that it had been revealed to me.

3

To the Simple — that is, to adults — there are two kinds of kids: Normal Kids or "Normies" — that is, kids with the normal number of legs, arms, eyes, or pounds — and "Poor Kids" — kids with something *terribly* wrong with them, some instantly recognizable and terrible handicap that makes it impossible for Normies to associate with them as fellow beings, like being stone-blind or completely paralyzed or racially ridiculous.

But to Kids there is a third kind of kid: those "Other" kids who have handicaps that aren't quite shocking or pitiful enough to prevent them utterly from being considered as fellow beings by the Normies, but whose handicaps make this con-

sideration a tiresome and unwelcome effort; handicaps that don't quite take them out of the cheery and untroubled Normie world, but keep them hovering uncertainly around the fringes of it — things like having only one leg, or being grotesquely fat, or being racially peculiar.

The Normies are the lucky and blessed, because while there doesn't have to be anything particularly right about them, there isn't anything particularly wrong. The Poor Kids aren't really so badly off either, because their handicaps are so spectacular that, long since, they have given up any hope of ever being admitted to the world of Normies, and their own special world is made pretty comfortable for them by the special treatment given 'em by everyone. It's the Others that have the bad time; for the things that are wrong with them are not wrong enough to destroy all hope of ever being admitted into the world of the Normies — just wrong enough to make Normies uncomfortable when they are around. Not that the Normies aren't darned nice to the Others. They are extra polite to 'em; they are extra careful to avoid any subject remotely related to the Thing that makes the Other not quite a Normie; and they are always in an extra hurry to get away from them to the untroubled company of other Normies.

And so while Bootsie and I were both Other kinds of kids, only *I* knew that we both were. She was looking at me as though I were a Normie. And so I behaved as no Normie ever behaves, except with another Normie. I treated her like a girl. Never by the flicker of an eyelash did I betray the fact that I considered three hundred pounds a ludicrous weight; by no word, nor by any shading of a word, did I betray the fact that I knew darned well no male Normie would be alone with her for more than the few minutes it took to look at all of her, unless he was tied down; not by a single snigger or sneer did I let on that I knew that all her immoderately gay gabble about dates, and dances, and "boys who called *all* the time" was a pack of daydreams.

I even let her think I wanted to kiss her, making very sure that my approach was such that it would necessarily get a first but highly unfirm "No" — which I promptly accepted as final. When the time came to leave I maneuvered her to the door ahead of me, and when she closed it and when I was alone at last, I was the happiest of all the Van Schuylers. For I had had the best of all possible evenings for my kind of kid: I had been treated as a Normie; and I had given as well as received — for the girl, the poor, ridiculous, eager, lying fat girl, had been treated as a Normie. And by one she supposed was one. Nothing more thrilling had ever happened to her.

The squeaks were pretty loud as I walked down the driveway but I didn't care, until the knee joint gave way entirely and the lower half of the leg came off, slipped out of my trousers, and pitched me headlong onto the sidewalk, leaving half of my leg, complete with sock and shoe and a gleaming broken bolt, sprawling there on the driveway. A car stopped, and the man asked if I'd had an accident, and could he give me a lift. I hopped in and he drove me home.

We lived on the second floor and it was a job getting up those steps with only one and a half legs, and an even harder job explaining to my distracted mother why I didn't bring back the rest of my leg, and the other sock and the other shoe. I couldn't tell her the truth. I couldn't tell her that the clatter of my fall must have been heard in Bootsie's house, and that I'd seen the living room lights go on, and I had to get the hell out of there before Bootsie discovered that her wonderful date wasn't a Normie.

I had to stay indoors for two weeks (wild horses couldn't get me to wear crutches) while a knee and foot was made for me in Hartford; and I had to get a new pair of shoes and another pair of socks.

During that time I wondered if Bootsie's family was surprised when they found half a wooden leg on their driveway. And what they did with it. Finally.





THE LOST TRAVELER

by PHILIP GARRIGAN

1

NEARBY nowhere blows coldly on me
from ambuscades in the green grass, in the sky
and the lurching bitter clairvoyant whispering sea.

I fared once on a faraway island
long ago learning prayer and remembrance
roughness of stones and trees, the abracadabra of time;

In the there atmosphere of charms and remedies
being reasonable I gave birth to reason and unreason
and taken in the sin of truth consented to exile.

The voyage here was long in a stormy season,
the language has no word for love or brotherhood,
lodgings are scarce, there is little enough to eat —

And in the temples their strange god is pleased
to simmer in a bottle over the bunsen-burner.

2

THE priest-chymist has a limbeck for a nose
and the priest-psychiatrist a dildo the size of a tree,
the priest-podiatrist is nothing but heels and toes —

When they examined me I confessed to but one evil
that of not being happy here. They wept
each one seeing his own image in me.

I said — Sirs, take thought for yourselves
that you are only vapors rising from the tarn of my mind
and my mind a word in the mouth of forever or never!

Then they put me forth though not unkindly
provisioned with pabulums and with maps of now and are
and I may travel what transport I will — so I find it.

But of any ships calling this port I deservy
one only, and her captain is Charon.

3

I HAVE written *anathema* in the sands below the cliff
but the warning goes under the tide, and with every flood
the drowned sailors swim blankly ashore in the drift.

These were travelers out of my own country,
midway sailing they were overtaken by answers
and passed from life to knowledge through surprise.

Alas for their death on the quick knife of romance!
it is useless now to tell in the darkened ear
that the voyage was for nothing — whether to heaven or to France.

They might have lain in the womb or under the willowtree
dallied, since all their divisible hearts were flown
to mingle with mine crossing oceans and years

A pilgrim, a stranger, a wanderer in the world's illusion
listening everywhere for the trumpet that is already wound.



What public affairs mean to the private citizen, ROBERT MOSES has learned by thirty years of participation in New York's city and state governments. An authority on parks, highways, and municipal and state planning, he has served every governor since Al Smith and both La Guardia and O'Dwyer. In the Hoover Commission on the Organization of the Federal Government he was the head of the task force on public works. His warning to "Republican Bourbons" and "Democratic Socialists" is that the United States is ripe neither for revolution nor for reaction, and that both parties should mind their language accordingly.

"MY FELLOW REPUBLICANS"

by ROBERT MOSES

THE recent *Atlantic* articles by Gerald W. Johnson and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., were both stimulating, down-to-earth political pieces — one explaining President Truman's hold on the plain people, and the other offering a liberal formula for Republican revival and success.

I am a middle-of-the-road Republican, not too happy in a divided party. My sympathies are largely with the Dewey-Lodge-Driscoll wing. I see, however, plenty of sincere if misguided conservatives on the other side. It seems to me that we have a basic ideological cleavage in our party which must somehow be healed, bridged, or split wide open. We must face this cleavage honestly before we get down to Senator Lodge's specifications or hope to compete successfully with Mr. Truman for the group votes which he has so shrewdly captured. In the process of settling this issue we shall also decide whether there will be two parties or three, or even more. Maybe the differences are irreconcilable.

Our ideological division and debate is over "statism." Now "statism" on the face of it is a confusing word without generally accepted connotation. That is what makes it so dangerous. To some it means bureaucratic government as distinguished from free private enterprise. To others it signifies the Federal as against the state and local governments. To still others it implies democratic as opposed to communistic rule. The word is falsely coined. Most of its recent uses have no dictionary authority. It has somehow become an expletive and shibboleth of the several branches of right-wing Republicans. The progressive Republicans regard it as a counterfeit and devoutly hope it will soon be out of circulation.

"Me-tooism" is a synonym for "statism." It decries imitation of the other fellow's philosophy,

irrespective of its origin, timeliness, and validity. When an ultraconservative charges a liberal conservative with being a "me too" man, the latter replies that this is simply raising the tattered banner of standpattism and the closed mind. As for the sneer that the progressive Republican only promises to do the same thing Truman is doing, but to do it better, what's wrong with that as to common objectives? Most promotions are based on evidence that yours is the better man. Mr. Johnson does not picture President Truman as a very superior statesman. He says the President is a one-eyed man among the blind.

The dogma of ultraconservatives which builds an impassable barrier between the fields of business and government, and fixes exactly the metes and bounds of each, is just as obsolete as is the doctrinaire rule that within the area reserved for government there are three neat little sealed compartments, labeled respectively "Federal," "State," and "Local," and that any attempt to change their relative size or to move the contents from one to another should be fought to the death.

Our Republican Bourbons have discovered the implications of democracy and don't like them. At the same time the Democratic Socialists are just beginning to learn by experience that nothing exceeds like excess. The simple fact is that the United States is ripe neither for revolution nor for reaction, and that is where the middle-roads come in.

The common sense, middle-of-the-road pragmatist, for whose support we are contending, believes that the area of government should not be expanded beyond our capacity to govern and our ability to pay. He is against swollen bureaucracy, crippling official red tape, and waste. He is opposed to nationalization of industry and socializa-

tion of medicine, and believes government should not needlessly invade private enterprise. Within the government field he holds that we should guard states' rights and municipal home rule, but not to the extent of denouncing limited Federal aid where nothing else will accomplish what the people want and have a right to demand. He is convinced that it is possible to preserve our democratic heritage without making a museum of our minds, just as we can conserve natural resources without locking them up.

An amazing increase in production, an unprecedented rise in employment, the revolt of the disinherited which has brought about rapid redistribution of wealth and leisure through shorter hours and higher pay, an almost miraculous extension of the span of life—these are the big pieces in the economic jigsaw puzzle which enlightened and imaginative leaders in and out of government must fit together, and all talk about statism and me-tooism obscures the problem, wastes precious time, and makes the task harder. It would be a pity if we were to substitute synthetic cuss and catch words for clear and ingenious thinking on this subject.

Atomic and political explosions have precipitated us into world leadership which we are reluctant to accept and cannot repudiate. God help my fellow Republicans if they see in this context only material for grouching about statism and me-tooism, coupled with demands that the Federal government confine itself to defense, diplomacy, and constitutional guarantees, and with shouts for a return to forty-eight separate, hermetically sealed sovereign states, a thousand medieval walled cities, and nineteenth-century grass-roots, cracker-barrel, crossroads isolationism.

Municipal home rule must often yield to broader considerations under present urban conditions. When a drastic new Multiple Dwellings law affecting only New York City was passed by the state legislature without formal approval by the city, Judge Cardozo, writing his concurring opinion sus-

taining the measure in the New York Court of Appeals, said:—

Reason as well as authority justifies a conclusion that these health measures must be a matter of state concern. The city of New York may justly be proud of its position as the largest and greatest city of this country. Size, however, is of minor importance; its position makes it the great port of entry for the people of this entire land. . . . The business of the country, if not the world, is more or less centered in New York City. The point of all this is that New York City, with its millions, is made up very largely of those who pass through it, or temporarily reside in it. It is a shifting population, scattering over all portions of the state and to the four corners of the earth. A pestilence, a disease, anything that affects the health and welfare of the city of New York, touches almost directly the welfare of the state as a whole. . . . The health of a community, we have discovered, thanks to science, has more to do with the general prosperity and welfare of a state than its wealth or its learning or its culture. . . . The police power of the state has never been questioned when it dealt directly with hygienic conditions of a community. Unless the intent is clear or reasonably certain, it should not now be limited or whittled away by the reform known as home rule for cities.

When “Old Man River” was first sung in *Show Boat*, people who had never thought about such matters suddenly realized that the welfare of a Negro roustabout engaged in interstate commerce on the Mississippi levees cannot be entrusted to one backward state, but is of national concern.

When Albert Einstein and Lise Meitner escaped from Hitler, bringing with them to this country the secrets of atomic energy, it dawned on the stubbornest isolationists that science is international and that we still have something to learn from immigrants.

If the Republican Party hopes to survive as one integral unit, it must realize and indeed rejoice in the fact that we live in a new age with new challenges.





time be engulfed by an icecap, the Very Reverend W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, became identified in Britain's press as "the Gloomy Dean." That he far from deserved the title has often been shown; but if further proof were required, it is given by himself in *Diary of a Dean*, recently published in England and here commented upon by one of his famous contemporaries, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

IF I WERE A PRIEST

by G. BERNARD SHAW

IT IS puzzling to be born a Quaker, bred a Churchman, and made a Prelate. Dean Inge must often have said to himself, "For which among the rest was I ordained?" In his *Diary* he confesses to the Quaker; but I, now one of his few remaining contemporaries, being often challenged to denominate myself, and being much of the Dean's various opinions, have ceased to reply that my nearest to an established religion is the Society of Friends, and, while calling myself a Creative Evolutionist, might also call myself a Jainist Tirthankara as of eight thousand years ago.

When the Dean and I were young the religious world was a battlefield of controversy and persecution. Draper's *Conflict between Religion and Science* was a text book. I preached Fabian Socialism in Victoria Park to my little crowd with a Christian Endeavour Apostle preaching on my right and an atheist doing the same on my left: the one vociferating that all atheists had been in the dock at the police court or divorced for adultery, and the other calling the inn at Nazareth the Pig and Whistle, both of them convinced that they were uttering the profoundest religious doctrine and the most unquestionable scientific truth respectively.

All the controversies were in terms of what old photographers called Soot and Whitewash, and Ibsen's Brand All or Nothing. If the Nazareth inn had the sign of the Pig and Whistle, God did not exist. If the translators of the Authorized Version changed a negative into a positive to save the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, if the Ark was too small to hold all the earth's fauna in couples, if Joshua could not have stopped the sun in the Valley of Ajalon without putting the whole universe out of action, if asses and serpents could not have conversed in human speech with Balaam and Eve, then the Bible was untrue in every word and sentence from beginning to end. If a Secularist lecturer had been convicted of having travelled by rail without a ticket or kept a mistress (or being kept by one), or advocated birth control, then all Secularists were

thieves, fornicators, swindlers, rascals, and prostitutes: and only the ruthless exercise of the Blasphemy Acts could save us from moral chaos and material ruin. Association of ideas passed for logic.

Muscular parsons

Even within the Church of England itself there was controversy. There were muscular Christian rectors who, determined to show that they were no killjoy mealy-mouthed parsons, wore nothing clerical except jampot collars buttoned at the back, and were as assiduous at sports as in services. There were Anglo-Catholics who wore birettas and cassocks, called themselves priests, held up two fingers in blessing, and advertized their services as Masses. There were artist parsons who hung pictures of nudes all round their rooms to show that they had no sympathy with the zealots who held that sex is original sin.

There was the Reverend C. L. Marson, who maintained that the first Article of the Church of England is, from the point of view of Jehovah's Witnesses and the Plymouth Brethren, flat atheism. The vehicle in which he made his rounds was a donkey cart; and the donkey's name was Sarah Bernhardt. He collected folk songs, which his humbler parishioners classed as debauchery, as they did all fine art and merriment. There were the Christian Socialists, organized in the Guild of St. Matthew: some of them in the Church and Stage Guild with ballet stars and Lions Comiques, notably Jolly John Nash, who made his living by singing the praises of champagne, and was sincerely pious in private. And there were those who followed Herbert Spencer in holding that God is unknowable and unfathomable: in short, Neo-Jainists.

A precious rarity

Into this boiling cauldron of controversy Ralph Inge was born, foredoomed by heredity and environment to be a minister of the Church of England, and destined to be that unique phenomenon,

a famous dean who refused a bishopric and became a famous journalist.

It is no part of my business to describe or explain the steps of this unusual development. I know only too well the annoyance and corruption of doctrine caused by people who write and read about noted authors instead of reading what the authors themselves have written, mostly much better. All a reviewer has any right to say of another man's book is "Read it" unless his verdict is "Don't read it," in which case he should give his reasons. But in the Dean's case, the word is so emphatically "You must read it" that I shall permit myself only a note or two.

Many years ago I received for review a book entitled *Outspoken Essays*, and had hardly read three sentences before I smelt that very precious rarity, an original mind and a first-rate literary craftsman. As I was a bit in this line myself I was intensely interested, and reviewed it to that effect. My estimate has never changed. It led to a friendship which has made the kindly references to me and my late wife in the *Diary* so dear to me that any pretence of impartiality on my part would be ridiculous. There was no difference between us that mattered. But there was a difference. He had met many people I had met, and read many books I had read. But I had read Ruskin, Ibsen, and Marx; and my classics were Orlandus Lassus and Sweelinck, Palestrina and Monteverde, Bach and Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Verdi; whereas in the index to the *Diary*, Ruskin, Ibsen, and Marx are not mentioned, and the Dean, surfeited with the strains of Jackson, execrates music.

A turnip ghost

I divide sages into pre-Marx and post-Marx. The pre-Marxists, brought up on Macaulay and Gladstone, regard and regret the nineteenth century as an age of prosperity increasing by leaps and bounds. To the post-Marxists it is a bottomless pit of hell from which Marx lifted the lid. In the *Diary* Sidney Webb is referred to only once, and then in a quotation from a noodle who described him as a negligible nobody. And the *Diarist* records how, when we met, he found himself in unexpected agreement with me, but could not understand my obsession about Russia. Had he read Marx and discovered the Fabian Society he would have understood. On this point he dates as does another famous friend of mine, Gilbert Murray. He withdraws his description of Gilbert Chesterton's scriptures as the "elephantine capers of an obese mountebank," but does not define him as what he was: an extraordinarily gifted Peter Pan who never grew up.

Curiously enough, though he never mentions Ibsen, he was bothered, as Ibsen was when he wrote *Ghosts*, by a Darwinian turnip ghost. For Ibsen, disease, especially syphilitic dementia, was inevita-

bly inherited. For the *Diarist* it was the cooling of the sun, and the freezing to death of mankind on an ice-cap over the whole solar system. Science has since made hay of both these prospects; but they started the notion that Ibsen and Inge were pessimists.

Freedom or slavery?

Clerically, the Dean escaped the worst trial of a parson's intellectual conscience: that of having to countenance superstitions he does not share with his more primitive parishioners, yet finding it impossible to cure their souls on any other terms. Rousseau told the world two thundering lies, both of which the Churches swallowed with shut eyes and open mouth. Number one: Men are born free. Number two: Get rid of your miracles and the whole world will fall at the feet of Jesus.

Had Rousseau been born an employer he would have known that we are all born slaves to our necessities: bread and water, clothes and shelter, sleep and play and sanitation. Until these are satisfied there can be no freedom. Had he been a priest in a slum parish he would soon have learnt that if he got rid of the miracles his flock would go straight to the devil. An Irish Catholic statesman of my acquaintance was advised by a clever political lady to adopt a certain not quite straightforward stroke of diplomacy. He refused. She asked why. He replied, "Because I happen to believe that there is such a place as hell."

Jesus had to warn his missionaries that if they tried to weed the superstitions out of an established religion they would pull out the wheat as well as the tares. Mahomet, who when the Arabs were worshippers of sticks and stones made Unitarians of them at the risk of his life, found that he could not govern them without promising them a paradise of houris, threatening them with a loathsome hell, and claiming divine revelation for his oracles.

Expediencies

Were I an Irish priest and all my parishioners peasants I should say nothing of my own creed of Creative Evolution, which they could neither believe nor understand. I should educate the women in the cult of the Blessed Immaculate Virgin. I should bind and loose in the confessional. I should redeem the dead from purgatory for a cash consideration. I should elevate the Host as the real presence. Only so could I give them a religion they could believe and a spiritual director they could revere.

All this would have been hard on Ralph Inge if his living had been in Hoxton or the Isle of Dogs. He would soon have been in trouble like Colenso or Bishop Barnes. Happily he graduated clerically in Ennismore Gardens, where his parishioners were — how shall I put it? — up to snuff. Thereafter as Dean of St. Paul's in London City he had no slums to visit and could speak his mind, leaving unspoken

the brimstone specialities of the Little Bethels. Even I was invited to preach in the City Temple, and did so with complete acceptance more than once.

"No faith in Democracy"

In the *Diary* the reason given for our getting on so well together is that we both had "no faith in Democracy." This must be interpreted as no faith in government and administration by parliaments of anybodies or nobodies elected by everybody. Administration is a highly skilled profession; and government is possible only for the five per cent or so born with the extra mental range it requires. Call them Mahatmas. The Diarist, having that extra range, knows that the remaining ninety-five per cent do not possess it, and are a continual obstruction and a tyranny to those who do.

Young Mahatmas, unconscious of their scarcity, and supposing all their fellow creatures to be as wise as themselves, are always puzzled at first by the stoppage of common minds at the point where the next step seems to the Mahatma to be glaringly obvious, and yet is inconceivable, invisible, and impossible to Monsieur *Tout le Monde*. History soon convinces him that at best Monsieur elects Second Bests doing only what was done last time, and at worst Titus Oates, Lord George Gordon, favourite actors and soldiers (Henry Irving and Lord Roberts, for instance), the backbone of law and order all the time being the Vicars of Bray who obey any government that happens to be in power, and mind their own business "whatsoever king shall reign."

The real use of votes for everybody is to prevent us from being governed better than we can bear, as in the case of Prohibition of intoxicating drink in the U.S.A., which had to be repealed in spite of its

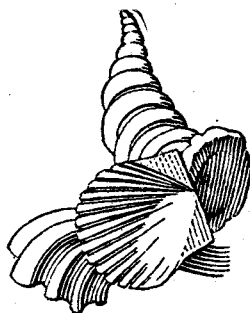
proved betterment. The Welfare State is not possible with an illfare constitution. Nobody knows this better than the exceptional thinkers.

A shy scholar

On the first page of the introduction to the *Diary* his friends will enjoy a laugh which the Diarist did not intend. He describes himself as a "shy scholar handicapped by a ridiculous inability to remember faces." In fact, there is nothing wrong with his memory. He cannot remember faces simply because he never looks at them. This habit may have begun when he was young and shy, as we all are if we are not congenitally impudent. But the Dean's hundreds of sermons must have cured him of that. When anyone looks at me candidly straight in the face when making an assertion, I know at once that he (or she) is lying. We are all taught that liars can never do so, though as a matter of fact they never do anything else. The Dean cannot do it. He never looks at you at all. I have known only one other man who had this trick. Sir Frederick Pollock, if he sat facing you, shifted round inch by inch, and left you addressing the nape of his neck. He was none the less a clever man and a wit.

The illustrations in the *Diary* really illustrate it, and are most interesting. The Dean, an extraordinarily handsome intellectual, with an enchanting smile, should have been depicted in his gaiters; for the full dress of a dean is more becoming than any other now in vogue, except its one rival, the evening dress of a Scottish chieftain.

Note: Jainism, an older religion than Buddhism, holds that their great leader Mahavira was preceded by twenty-three Tirthankaras, or saints, who have attained *nirvana*, and, though without care for or influence on the world, are worshipped as gods.





Books and Men



Admiral William D. Leahy served this country in a series of exacting commands at an age when most skippers are in retirement. As our Ambassador at Vichy, as Chief of Staff to President Roosevelt and later to President Truman, and as a member of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, he participated in many a crucial decision during the momentous years. For an appraisal of his new book, we turn to RICHARD E. DANIELSON, who served in Military Intelligence in both wars.

ADMIRAL LEAHY WAS THERE

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

1

THE most aristocratic creature in the American scene is the Admiral. He may have been born in a small town on the wrong side of the tracks, but by the time he achieves eminence, he has few equals and no superiors except senior admirals and, in the last analysis, the Commander-in-Chief. The admirals belong to a race apart, isolated from the vulgarities of common life by the vastness of the sea. For a time, each one of them commanded a floating world, which he ruled. The more wisely and justly he ruled, and the longer his experience of ruling, the more surely and steadily he advanced in the naval hierarchy.

Admirals *are* different — from other people and among themselves. In some instances power does not, perhaps, corrupt them: but it blinds them and blocks their thinking, their reactions, and their sympathies. In others the self-confidence of the aristocrat — secure, assured of his position — is blended with a certain humbleness of spirit before the shrine of duty, with a profound conviction that no labor is too arduous, no sacrifice too great, no death too painful provided it be met with honor in the service of one's country.

In this aristocracy of public service, no one stands higher than Fleet Admiral William D. Leahy. Retired in 1939 at the age of sixty-four after serving as Chief of Naval Operations, he was appointed by President Roosevelt as Governor of Puerto Rico. Recalled in the middle of 1940, he was sent by the President as American Ambassador to France; and at Vichy, under the unhappy, vacillating regime of Marshal Pétain, he carried out his duties with great distinction and wisdom until recalled in May, 1942. Shortly afterwards, Mr. Roosevelt created a new office for him, that of Chief of Staff to the Commander-in-Chief. This involved his membership in the Joint Chiefs of Staff, where, as in the meetings of the Combined Chiefs of Staff in this country, he presided as the Senior Officer of all the American armed forces.

His primary function was to keep the President

fully advised from day to day of the problems discussed and the decisions submitted by the Joint Chiefs — along with many other matters. As Chief of Staff he attended — with the exception of Casablanca — all the important inter-Allied discussions and conferences from that in Washington in May, 1943, through the final Potsdam war council in July, 1945. His appointment, which lasted from 1942 until Roosevelt's death, was renewed by his successor, and he served for almost four more years as Chief of Staff to President Truman.

In this intimate association, particularly with Mr. Roosevelt, he was requested on many occasions to attend political as well as military conferences, and therefore was present during the historic meetings between Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and Chiang. He knew them all. No one could be more justified than the Admiral in giving his book its title *I Was There* (Whittlesey House, \$4.00).

This sturdy volume does not present a series of reflections after the event. It is assembled from notes made at the time — in the arrangement and editing of which the Admiral acknowledges the assistance of Mr. Charter Heslep. They are certainly not ghost-written. If any author ever left the seal of his own personality on his written words, Admiral Leahy has done so in *I Was There*. These pages are as salty as the sea, as direct as a gun barrel, terse with the economy of orders given or opinions uttered by a man who regards "talkers" as a low breed outside the law.

The views expressed are often uncompromising, sometimes mistaken, as the author freely admits, and, one is sure, always honest. They may not greatly alter the facts of "History" as written, but they will certainly illuminate them. The Admiral's opinions on men and things met and experienced during the war years were founded on a lifetime of observation and a character as rugged as a rock. In positions of great responsibility, close to two Presidents, in intimate touch with the civil and military leaders of the United Nations, he was compelled to

appraise every person he met and every proposal, however plausibly put forward, by a standard of values which was constant and unfaltering. That he did so is demonstrated in this volume.

It is fascinating to read Admiral Leahy's assessments of the men of Vichy with whom he had to deal as the American Ambassador — the aged Marshal Pétain, fundamentally a patriot, caught in a cleft stick, without strength or vision to extricate himself; Darlan (Popeye to the irreverent Americans), the complete opportunist, good naval officer, incurably anti-British, whose word, after all, was good in a pinch; de Gaulle, always a pain in the neck, "that vain Frenchman," talking in London while Giraud was fighting in Africa; the devout, hierarchal Weygand; Laval, and all the rest. None of them deceived the Admiral, and all were judged as tolerantly as possible.

Sometimes the Admiral's nose is lifted a little higher in the air and his eyes are frostier than usual. When Dr. Herbert V. Evatt, then a member of the Australian War Cabinet, complained that his government was having political difficulties owing to its failure to obtain American planes, the Admiral wrote: "I don't think I gave [him] much encouragement. We were not giving away planes for votes. . . . He spoke with an Australian accent that made it difficult for me to understand despite my having been familiar, forty years before, with the colloquial speech of uneducated inhabitants of Australia." No, I doubt if the Australian politico derived much encouragement from the interview.

Occasionally a good deal is implied with a minimum of effort. "Wallace made a short address that was said to be in the Russian language." At Potsdam "Churchill injected the religious issue to defend the rights of the Catholics in Poland. Stalin reflected a moment, stroking his moustache, and then asked the Prime Minister in a hard, even tone, 'How many divisions has the Pope?'"

A few random remarks may be quoted, not as epigrams, for the Admiral is rarely, if ever, epigrammatic, but as typical of his blunt, dead-pan comment. There is sometimes a touch of acerbity in his criticism of ineffective performance or of untrustworthy characters, but in general he does not waste time in expressing anger or annoyance. He merely states that they were thus and so. These judgments are not pontifical, but they are important elements in the self-portrait which the Admiral — unconsciously I think — painted so successfully. Thus when he received at Vichy a young assistant naval attaché whose knowledge of seafaring was conspicuously lacking, he wondered bleakly what the Navy was coming to. Shortly, however, he learned that the young man had other functions, and he dismissed him with a brief accolade: "Cassidy was a very good spy — capable and discreet." "The Yugoslav Minister, M. Pouritch," on the other hand, was "a confirmed gossip and usually in error

— an attractive person but he made up his stories as he went along." "I saw Soviet Ambassador Bogomolov often. He probably lied glibly because he was a Russian diplomat, but he was a very intelligent man compared to other members of his mission." "Pétain was eighty-five on April twenty-fourth. I sent him greetings although I did not know what that lonely old man should have been congratulated for." "Anthony Eden knew what Britain wanted. There were times when I felt that if I could find anybody except Roosevelt who knew what America wanted it would be an astonishing discovery." "Churchill thereupon made a long talk. . . . Such long addresses were tedious because of the necessity of their being translated into Russian, if not for many other good reasons." "The Combined Staff held its final 1944 meeting on Saturday, December thirtieth. It was followed by a reception with eggnog. Not much business was transacted."

Such quotations are manifestly unfair to the wise and generous attitude the Admiral assumed when he felt it deserved, and to the careful consideration he gave to difficult military and political problems. They are, however, indicative of his character and personality. It must have been an extremely arduous task to try to pull his leg.

2

ADMIRAL LEAHY not only served President Roosevelt loyally but he felt a sincere admiration for the President's abilities; he respected his knowledge of the world and its affairs, his statesmanlike vision, and his skill in handling difficult men and situations. He was the great war leader. He respected Mr. Churchill, too, though at times annoyed at his persistent, implacable insistence on divagations from established policies. Churchill was — to the Admiral — first, last, and all the time a great Englishman. "I was certain that the Prime Minister sincerely believed that in serving England he was best serving peace." It would be hard to find a briefer, better summary. President Truman he found admirable in his manly Americanism, and "one of the nicest men" he ever knew.

At Teheran and at Yalta, Stalin had seemed to the Admiral an able leader, courteous in his manners and amenable to argument on most subjects. Certainly he stood firm when his country's interests were concerned, but no one could blame him for that. The Admiral had never believed in the necessity or the desirability of Russian coöperation in the war against Japan. The "military" insisted on it, and both the President and the Admiral bowed to this insistence. Hence the broken promises made to the Chinese, the controversial secret clauses of Yalta, and at the last the frustrations of Potsdam. At that conference the Russians presented *faits accomplis*: Poland under Russian puppets, the Polish

Government-in-Exile sold down the river; Bulgaria, Rumania, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Russian satellites, previous agreements for free elections ignored; Stalin no longer the smiling comrade but the head of the Great Power of the Continent, content to act while others talked and protested; all controversial questions referred to face-saving, impotent committees — “How many divisions has the Pope?”

On policies the Admiral states his opinion when they came before him for consideration. He was not at Casablanca, and the policy of Unconditional Surrender was a surprise to him. Later it became inconvenient. He was unhappy about China throughout. We weren't doing a good job in China. The British were defeatist in India. Everything hung fire; there were divided councils among our representatives and advisers. It was all unshipshape and unsatisfactory. He never believed that an invasion of the Japanese home islands was necessary for victory, nor Russian help, nor the atomic bomb. In fact he didn't believe the atomic bomb would amount to much — an opinion which he ruefully admits was erroneous.

The institution of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Combined Chiefs of Staff reporting directly to the Commanders-in-Chief was the happiest and most successful innovation of the war. The Admiral refers in only rare instances to the work of the Civilian Secretaries — Stimson, Knox, and later Forrestal. There is almost no gossip or secondhand information in the book. There are, however, some curious omissions. The Admiral, both from his Vichy experiences and from his position on the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was intensely interested in the Allied political as well as military actions in French Africa. He must have been aware of the President's preoccupation with Dakar, but nowhere in the book is there a reference to Admiral Glassford's mission there as the President's personal representative. He dismisses the final break between Secretary Hull and Sumner Welles in three or four lines. His chapter on Yalta is interesting as comment but unsatisfactory as history. In short, the book is uneven in emphasis and lacks the kind of discrimination in news or historical values which is possible, perhaps, only in retrospective summation. Its great merit lies in the clear, intermittent light it flashes on the men and things the Admiral knew firsthand.

And it is a beautiful self-portrait. This good and faithful public servant shows himself without and above affectation or self-interest. He served his country and his Commander-in-Chief day and night, irrespective of fatigue, illness, or private grief. Admiral Leahy was a professional naval officer, retired, and called back to serve — the oldest of them all, the Senior Officer of all the armed forces. As such he brought to his work both the professional sense of duty and the tradition of older days, of honor and decency and integrity. It hurt him inti-

mately that promises made to China should be broken in the name of military necessity. It was bitter in his mouth that victorious America could not make good its commitments to Poland or ensure freely chosen governments in the Balkan states. He did not understand politics or politicians, but he knew they had to do things that were not things which he would do. Nor did he understand why Christian men should fight a total war in imitation of the heathen and the damned.

His book ends with the conclusion of the Japanese war. It is not a happy ending. The Admiral saw too clearly the ominous clouds of cold war or worse with Russia. He could not shake off a feeling that there was something wrong, something vile, about our use of the atomic bomb. That the United States should make war on helpless women and children! This was not the action of the America he knew. In these final short, hurried paragraphs the deep perturbation of his spirit speaks: —

“It is my opinion that the use of this barbarous weapon at Hiroshima and Nagasaki was of no material assistance in our war against Japan. The Japanese were already defeated and ready to surrender. . . .

“My own feeling was that in being the first to use it, we had joined the barbarians of the world. I was not taught to make war in that fashion, and wars cannot be won by destroying women and children. We were the first to have this weapon in our possession, and the first to use it. . . .

“That is why, as a professional military man with a half century of service to his government, I come to the end of my war story with an apprehension about the future. . . . These new and terrible instruments of uncivilized warfare represent a modern type of barbarism not worthy of Christian man.”

Alas, for many of us, with the atomic bomb came the denial of our beliefs and the ending of our dream. Future commentators may trace the new Dark Ages back to America's adoption of the ethics of total war and official endorsement of ways to increase the slaughter of civilians — almost to the point of annihilation. That hideous decision, however plausibly defended, may mark one of those turnings in our yesterdays where our feet left the path marked out for us and wandered down towards dusty death. So, at least, it must have seemed to this good soldier of the sea. If that decision helped to win a war, it also left us with little honor and a future no sane man can contemplate without moments, at least, of despair. And if, in writing of Admiral Leahy's *I Was There*, I have quoted his lighter comment and referred to his book as a self-portrait, that portrait would be wholly inadequate unless we knew that this survivor from a more decent world held the massacre of Hiroshima to be no better than a barbarous and useless infamy.

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic* Reviewer

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

I HAVE been making plans for an editorial trip to England. "Which way do you want to go?" asked my friend in the travel agency. "By air, or on one of the Queens?" To save time I chose the plane, but I thought to myself that one of these days I really would like to make a more leisurely crossing. In the past my boat trips across the Atlantic have been strictly utilitarian. I remember as yesterday my preparation for the first in February, 1917. I remember how the clerk who was filling out my passport asked, "Color of eyes?" "Gray," I said. "Nose?" "Long," I suggested. "No," he said, "Roman." Lord, I thought, a Roman nose like Caesar's! To a boy who had been called "Beakstein" straight through school and freshman year because of the length of his beak, it was something to hear that he had a Roman nose.

But even with that Roman nose I could not look happy in my shirts. I had volunteered as an ambulance driver with the French Army; my pay was to be a sou a day, and I was to supply my own uniform. There was some hurry, so my father had his shirtmaker rush me half a dozen Army blouses of khaki flannel. The shirtmaker, who went on a bender once a month, was a little dim at this period and made them to my father's measurements. My collar was size 14, his 15½; when those shirts arrived you could have thrust your wrist down between the collar and my Adam's apple, and as for the tails — they reached to my knees. There they were, six of them, and there wasn't time to make them over.

No volunteer (I was just nineteen) ever felt more gawky than I as I went up the gangplank of the S.S. *Espagne*. She was a French liner, crowded and keyed to excitement — British and French officers, pilots of the Lafayette Escadrille, three sections of the Field Service, and two Field Hospitals complete with nurses. I inspected my stateroom, a stuffy

little closet four decks down, found that I had drawn as my roommate an ex-Harvard oarsman named Wiggins (who was soon to save my life), and with him returned to the deck.

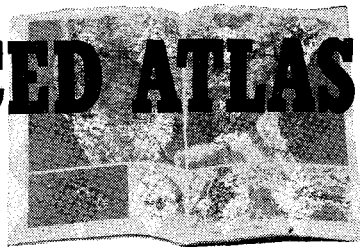
After we passed the Statue of Liberty I went down for an early supper, and looking through the port at the sunset I had the sensation that we were rising and falling. The vibration also seemed to discourage my appetite, and after yawning fifteen times, I retired. We won't go into details, but late the following afternoon Wiggins came to my rescue with a quart of champagne and two glasses; he propped me up, made me drink my half, and helped the ghost of me into my clothes and up on deck. So I came back to life.

On my return trip in June, 1919, I was not nearly so vulnerable. Fifteen days from Saint-Nazaire to Hoboken on an Army transport. We slept in canvas bunks, four layers to each deck; we took our meals in relays standing up at long trestles, and when the motion was bad it would be a race between the mess kit and the rail. I remember the long hours lying stripped in the sun, the crap games on the Army blankets, with the Kentuckians cleaning up until they each had a roll that would choke a horse; I remember the shell shock cases in wire cages at the stern of the boat deck, and I remember how, having grown six inches and put on forty pounds, I came down the gangplank and passed my parents, who didn't recognize me at first glance.

I was outward bound again in the autumn of 1922, this time with a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. I had to work my way over, and the easiest berth I could find was on a cattle boat. Disguised in an old suit, I arrived at the ship's office in Montreal, signed over my pay to the foreman as a bribe for getting on board, and then went back to the hotel for my luggage. The taxi deposited my steamer trunk, suitcase, and portable typewriter on the long dock and departed.

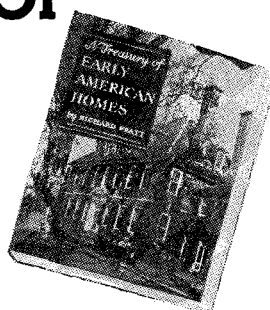
Leaning on the rail above me, watching me without comment, were a number of the Scotch crew. It was obvious to me that I needed the help of at least one of them to get my stuff aboard, so I went up the gangway and added myself to the end of the line. Silence. Finally the nearest Clydesider shifted his weight my way. "We'el," he said, in a brogue too rich to reproduce, "an' I suppose you write for the papers?" I admitted as much. "Aye. An' you'll be looking for local color?" Again it seemed easier to agree. "We'el," he said, "you'll find it and it'll all be brown."

BARTHOLOMEW'S ADVANCED ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY



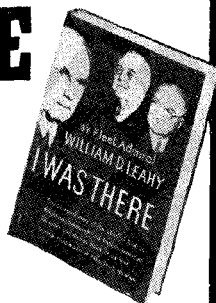
A completely new edition of an internationally famous atlas with superb, new 8-color maps and all the latest available data. Geographical names of 25,000 places, 96 pages of maps, many special features. The finest in map making, it belongs in every home. \$8.50

A TREASURY OF EARLY AMERICAN HOMES



By Richard Pratt, Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. A priceless possession—a superb gift. Contains countless architectural and interior decorating suggestions. 250 full-color photographs, 15 black-and-white photographs, 50,000 words of text. 11" x 14". \$12.50

I WAS THERE By FLEET ADMIRAL WILLIAM D. LEAHY



Foreword by
President Harry S. Truman

The top-level story of the war years that both Roosevelt and Truman urged their Chief of Staff to write. Based directly on the notes and diaries that Admiral Leahy made at the time.

"As a source of history it deserves a place on the same shelf as the products of Stimson, Eisenhower and Sherwood." —ROBERT P. PATTERSON, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

Illustrated with photographs. \$5.00

At all bookstores

THE REPUBLIC OF ISRAEL

Its History and
Its Promise



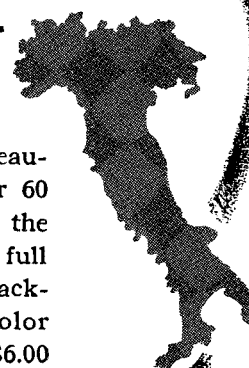
By Joseph Dunner. A leading authority on Jewish affairs writes a distinguished and comprehensive history of Israel from the earliest times to the creation of the Jewish state, emphasizing its present-day role in world affairs. \$4.75

MODERN ART IN THE MAKING

By Bernard Myers. This book tells in a clear and exceptionally interesting manner the story of nineteenth- and twentieth-century painting as part of the social and cultural history of modern times. 218 halftones; 7 full-page, 4-color inserts. \$7.00

THE "WORLD in COLOR" SERIES

ITALY



Edited by Doré Ogrizek. A beautiful and useful book. Over 60 pages devoted to Rome and the Vatican. 200 illustrations in full color, 100 illustrations in black-and-white, and 28 full-color maps. 480 pages. \$6.00

THE UNITED STATES



Edited by Doré Ogrizek. Gay, informative and colorful—this book takes the reader through each state and section of the country. 200 illustrations in color, 120 illustrations in black-and-white, 54 maps in full color. 530 pages. \$6.50

WHITTLESEY HOUSE A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 18

It was lucky for us that our passage down the St. Lawrence to the Strait of Belleisle was smooth, for there had been no time to tie up our cattle — 280 steers and 11 bulls — before we caught the tide. For two days and a half they milled around while one by one we reached for their headropes and snagged them to the stanchions. The steers did not enjoy the motion any more than I did. Their malady took the form of an ever increasing thirstiness, and twice a day I heaved the wooden buckets out of the wooden tuns, six buckets to a beast. After three days of emptiness I began to munch on a slab of cold mutton as thick as the sole of a shoe, which I had cadged from the galley. This and coffee kept me upright until the sea air revived me. I had two other consolations: H. M. Tomlinson's superb collection of seascapes, *Old Junk*, which I read lying on the bales of hay, and on the ninth day that green and golden moment of dawn as we passed the bell buoy at the mouth of the Clyde and I saw the sheep on the distant uplands and realized that we were close to shore.

Lord Nelson in the flesh

Captain Russell Grenfell is to the British Navy what Captain Samuel Eliot Morison is to the American. Each is a historian, quick to perceive and frank to criticize, and each is possessed of a power of narration which makes the most complicated maneuver an action as exciting as it is open to human fallibility. In *The Bismarck Episode*, which was serialized in the *Atlantic*, Captain Grenfell wrote the fearless, unsparing chronicle of one of the greatest sea hunts in naval history. Now in *Nelson the Sailor* (Macmillan, \$3.00) he has produced a biography which is remarkable for its terseness, for the vividness of its action, and for the fairness of its criticism. We see young Horatio, a boy of twelve, shipping as a midshipman under his uncle, Captain Suckling; we see his deep-sea schooling, how he was transferred for a year to the Merchant Service, and how on his first cruise to the West Indies on a Merchant ship, he acquired his lifelong intolerance of disciplinary subordination. A boy of fifteen, we see him bound on a Naval Arctic Expedition where, on a hunt for a polar bear, his musket misfired and his life was saved by the recall cannon, which luckily frightened his opponent. When his ship took him to the East Indies we see him winning £300 in one night at cards — which, if you multiply it by five, is big money for a lieutenant of seventeen. We see his hatred of cold (he infinitely preferred the Mediterranean to the North Atlantic) and his recurring bouts of seasickness, which he hoped to live down but never did. We see him made Post Captain and appointed to a 28-gun frigate at the age of twenty.

The times were in Horatio's favor. The month Nelson was made Captain, Spain followed the example of France and declared war against England.

In his frigate commands and as he rose in rank to the bigger ships, he was eager to be on his own, and since victory went with him he received "the plum commands," the detached service with prize money and prestige which won him the attention of the Admiralty and the envy of his less gifted contemporaries. The more rope he was given, the more he proved his independence — breaking out of line at the battle of St. Vincent, where he outfought and captured two of the enemy ships, including the *Santissima Trinidad* of 130 guns; putting the telescope to his blind eye and refusing to see the signal of recall at Copenhagen; discarding the century-old line of battle for his two-pronged surprise assault at Trafalgar.

The beauty of this book is its understanding of the man within the seaman. It brings out Nelson's singleminded aggressiveness and how, when he was intent on the kill, he had no concern for the long-range strategy of others. It shows where his intuition failed him and where his originality was most profound. It shows why the men of the fleet loved him, why the ships like the old *Agamemnon* were happy ships; it shows how he trusted as no British Admiral before him the individual initiative of his picked Captains; in short, it tells what Nelson meant by that phrase of his, "The Nelson touch."

Nelson's younger brother

In his hero, Captain Horatio Hornblower, C. S. Forester has created a character who rose to greatness in the Napoleonic Wars and who in his personal lineaments might be taken for Nelson's younger brother. It is fascinating to trace the resemblance in that fine trilogy about Captain Hornblower in his maturity, *Beat to Quarters*, *Ship of the Line*, *Flying Colours*, and now in the stories which tell of his apprenticeship, *Mr. Midshipman Hornblower* (Little, Brown, \$3.00). I feel for the Midshipman as the waves of nausea overcome him while he is still at anchor in Spithead on his first ship; I feel for him as he stands up to the brutal ill treatment which a boy among men was then likely to receive in training; I applaud his skill at whist and the desperation with which he challenges his half-drunken tormentor Simpson to the duel. Young Hornblower, like young Nelson, is best when hardest pressed. Inaction makes him fret, but emergency makes him think and act with surprising force. Midshipman Hornblower as he learns to command is a resourceful, likable, and very consistent youngster.

The *Indefatigable* could so easily be taken for Nelson's beloved *Agamemnon*; the landing at Quiberon reminds me of Nelson's failure at Santa Cruz; that foggy morning in which young Hornblower, in command of the captured sloop *Le Reve*, finds himself sailing unnoticed in the midst of the Spanish fleet has its parallel in fact. Enjoying as I have every episode in Lord Hornblower's career,



THE Grand Alliance

Winston S. Churchill



Winston Churchill now turns to the story of the year that brought America, Great Britain and Russia together in a Grand Alliance to break the power of Hitler. The lightning war had set all of Europe ablaze, burning deep into Russian territory, licking at the edges of Africa and Asia, flaring in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, consuming Crete and Greece. And in its glare Churchill built the structure of diplomacy with his "haughty ally," Stalin; fitted together the material elements of Lend-Lease, encouraging and guiding with a skilled patience the inevitable approach of America to the threshold of war.

One of the greatest statesmen of all history, he took full measure of the hour that brought the impact of Pearl Harbor. The pattern of victory at last took firm and final shape for him. Here were joined the sources of power for ultimate victory, the Grand Alliance that was to become the United Nations. \$6.00

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS



I am now grateful to Mr. Forester for having turned the clock back to show us the gawky, spunky boy as he first went up the chains.

Homes that vanish

I think of my first visit to Tintagel and of my first impressions of the Cornish coast as I read *The Feast* by Margaret Kennedy (Rinehart, \$3.00). This is the story of a fateful week in a little summer boardinghouse which lies open to the sea and under the threatening shoulder of an overwhelming rock. To earn the money for her boy's education, Mrs. Siddal has had to take in paying guests, and a motley company they are — Canon Wraxton, whose uncontrollable temper has given his daughter the jitters; Anna Lechene, the sex-hungry novelist; Lady Gifford, the hypochondriac, and her conscience-ridden husband, the Judge; Miss Ellis, the gossip housekeeper; Mrs. Cove and her three daughters whom she would so gladly drown.

They don't sound very attractive, but this story is told by a skillful dramatist: a third of the way along, you begin to realize that the most offensive of these people are the Seven Deadly Sins in modern dress, and you begin to hope that the most arrant of them will be in the house when that rock face falls, as fall it must. Here are no characters as sprightly or endearing as those in *The Constant Nymph*, yet Miss Kennedy lifts *The Feast* out of the merely macabre by her treatment of the innocents — Gerry, the pimply-faced medical student; Eva Wraxton, the intimidated daughter; little Blanche with her bad back; and the silent Mrs. Paley, who suddenly sees the light. These are the Virtues who carry our sympathy to the end.

Old houses of beloved memory have a way of disappearing overnight in America. The steamroller of the metropolis and the change in family fortune suddenly leave the old property exposed, and before you know it a landmark has been replaced by a fire station. New England is more fortunate than most areas. The Alcott House and the Old Manse in Concord, the House of the Seven Gables in Salem, and the Adams houses in Quincy have become national monuments. In 1940 the flooding of the Santee-Cooper Project in South Carolina inundated Belvidere Plantation, the lovely and legendary country home of the Sinkler family for more than a century. Now, from the family papers, Anne Sinkler Fishburne has woven together a charming reminiscence, *Belvidere* (University of South Carolina Press, \$3.50), an easy-flowing chronicle of the family life and its special events in the days of serenity — the horse racing, the tournaments, the fancy dress balls, the summers spent in the pine lands, the wonderful shooting in the fall, and the weddings which drew the family together with such affection. An unpretentious reminder of how happy a plantation could be.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



OPERATING with remarkable dispatch, two newspapermen have already brought out a book which pieces together the dramatic and grimly fascinating story of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss. *Seeds of Treason* (Funk & Wagnalls, \$3.50) is the joint work of Ralph de Toledano, assistant editor of *Newsweek*, and Victor Lasky, a writer on the New York *World-Telegram & The Sun*, both of whom have covered this *cause célèbre* since it began unfolding in 1948. The preface concedes that most of the dope about Hiss comes from Chambers and Chambers's friends, which makes the book's subtitle, "The True Story of the Hiss-Chambers Tragedy," a shade presumptuous.

From the storytelling standpoint, *Seeds of Treason* is an exciting book. It is very far removed, however, from the dispassionate, probing, and wonderfully illuminating reports that Rebecca West turned in on William Joyce, John Amery, and the other British traitors. What Lasky and Toledano have given us is, more or less avowedly, something of a pamphleteering job. The authors wish to show that a large section of public opinion has been cruelly unfair to Whittaker Chambers; that the revelations he made and his conduct throughout the investigation were prompted by the highest of motives. They seek to bring home to the many citizens who entertained some sympathy for Hiss the criminal nature of their error. Finally, they play up the moral that "under cover of the flummery of cocktail parties and fancy front organizations, the real Communists were systematically betraying the United States," and that "the real work [of smoking out the traitors] has barely begun."

On several major counts, I found Lasky and Toledano pretty persuasive, and I imagine their book will cause a number of readers to revise, to some degree, their estimates of Chambers and of Hiss. Unfortunately, *Seeds of Treason* is colored throughout — and cheapened — by untrammelled zealotry and juvenile oversimplification. It is absurd to deal with two such immensely complicated men in uncompromising terms of black and white. It is rather shameful to suggest (p. 269) that all those who came to Hiss's defense were "sponsors" of treason, "subconsciously aware that his guilt is theirs." It is biased reporting to side-step

The voice of **John Foster Dulles:**

Are we waging **WAR OR PEACE**

John Foster Dulles

the distinguished statesman who helped shape America's bi-partisan foreign policy, was a member of the San Francisco Conference, present at the first Council of Foreign Ministers, the UN Assemblies of 1946-1949, and various meetings of Foreign Ministers. Since The Hague Peace Conference in 1907 he has worked tirelessly for world organization. He is an active church leader, chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation.

War or Peace

is a vital book on the great crisis of our day. There should be no illusion about the danger of war, says Mr. Dulles, *but* the U. S. can take leadership in peaceful measures that will frustrate it. What these measures are is told in a book so timely and important that it will receive tremendous attention the country over—because of the author's great authority in these momentous affairs, and because the issues concern *every* American.

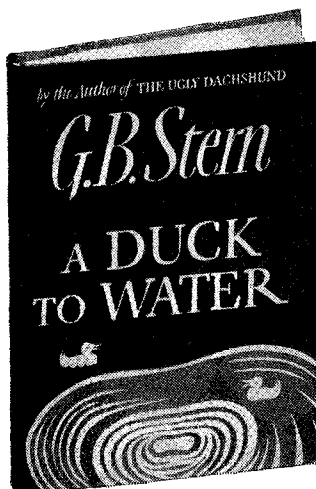
Cloth bound, \$2.50 Paper bound, \$1.00

Nelson the Sailor

By **RUSSELL N. GRENFELL, R. N.**

The stormy and brilliant career of the victor of Trafalgar, told by that master of naval writing, the author of *The Bismarck Episode*. Along with the life story of an inspiring and courageous leader, it gives an inside account of exciting sea battles, naval strategy, warfare and command.

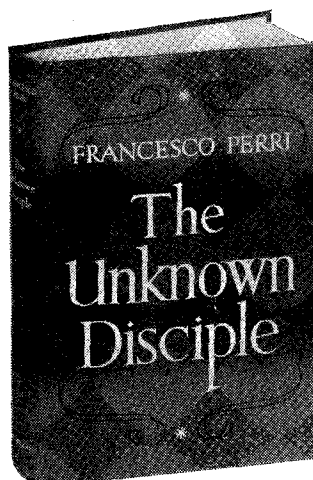
\$3.00



G. B. Stern
at her best...

All those who so much admired *The Ugly Dachshund* will delight in this story of an unadjusted duckling, some kittens, and other delightful animals. It's Hans Christian Andersen IN REVERSE—a touching, light-hearted satiric fable.

\$1.75



*Magnificent
drama!*

The novel of a young man—half-Jew, half-Roman, who met Christ and succumbed to His spell. Magnificent drama, stirring adventure and awe-inspiring scenes, set against the vast, rich background of Judaea and Rome.

\$3.50

Recollections of Logan Pearsall Smith

By **ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY**

A new and revealing portrait of the famous author of *Unforgotten Years*, by a friend and protégé who knew him as incisive critic, brilliant prose stylist, kindly mentor, and, in periods of depression, as the sadly altered friend.

\$3.50

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

**For your reading
pleasure**

LOUIS BROMFIELD

Out of the Earth

For everyone who loves the land the author of *PLEASANT VALLEY* and *MALABAR FARM* sums up the lessons of a lifetime's practical experience with the earth and all that grows on it. With 32 pages of photographs and endpapers by Joe Munroe. \$4.00

FRANCES WINWAR

The Immortal Lovers

The imperishable love story of the Brownings brought to you by the gifted author of *THE LIFE OF THE HEART*. "Frances Winwar writes with the deepest sensitivity and understanding. I recommend it to everyone interested in poetry, love and great human stories." —IRVING STONE. \$4.00

FRANKLIN F. GOULD

A Maine Man in the Making

The gay, infectious — totally unsentimental — story of what made one particular Maine man what he is. "You start out laughing with the author and suddenly discover that you're crying a little too. It's that kind of book." —FRED GIPSON, author of *Hound-Dog Man*. \$2.50

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS

49 East 33rd Street, N. Y. 16

with a few perfunctory sentences the notorious irresponsibility and headline mania of the Committee on Un-American Activities. When writing about Chambers's espousal of Communism, the authors find the urge to save the world a noble one: precisely the same urge makes Mrs. Hiss an unpleasant "do-gooder."

Seeds of Treason performs a useful service in compactly assembling the available data on the Hiss case; it provides a glimpse of the workings of the Communist underground and a fairly well documented picture of Communist infiltration into government agencies in the thirties. But Lasky and Toledano shed at best a dubious light on the human mysteries that need to be elucidated. Hiss is introduced as a calculating careerist who joined the Party principally because it was a smart move in the first days of the New Deal; later he is represented as a diehard Communist, a "venom-filled" unregenerate. The two views would seem to be inconsistent. Perhaps treason, as practiced in our time, is one of those realities which only fiction, and great fiction at that, can make real — intelligible in all its dimensions — to the non-conspiratorial mind.

The Universal Church

As most readers must know by now, *The Cardinal* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.50; in soft-covered binding, \$1.00) is a long novel about the life of an American priest who eventually becomes a Prince of the Roman Catholic Church. The author, **Henry Morton Robinson**, is a man of startlingly varied interests. An editor of the *Reader's Digest*, he has co-authored that erudite piece of Joycean exegesis, *A Skeleton Key to Finnegan's Wake*, and has to his credit a raft of books, three of them poetry.

The hero of *The Cardinal*, Stephen Fermoye, is the son of a Boston trolley driver. As a student for the priesthood, Stephen's consecration and intellectual brilliance win him four years' special training in the North American College in Rome, from which he returns in 1915 to become a curate in a suburb of Boston. Through a misunderstanding he incurs the wrath of Cardinal Glennon, the irascible Archbishop of Boston, and he is banished to a desolate rural parish on the Canadian border. Eventually, his stewardship at Stonebury so impresses the Cardinal that he makes Stephen his secretary. In

**Here are some
fighting questions—**

**Read THE STRUGGLE FOR
GUADALCANAL**, the fightingest
book of a fighting series, and write
your own answers:

Was the marksmanship of the Japanese navy superior to our own?

?

Were Japanese admirals better than ours in naval-warfare tactics?

?

Were our torpedoes vastly inferior to those of the Japanese?

?

Were the Marine Corps and enlisted personnel more effective than much of the top navy brass?

?

Were we outclassed by the Japanese in naval night-attacks?

?

Why were our carriers absent while the Japanese leisurely bombarded Guadalcanal?

The Struggle for Guadalcanal

August 1942—February 1943

Volume V of "History of United States
Naval Operations in World War II"

by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

"One of the great battle histories of literature."

—Henry Steele Commager

With Maps and Photographs

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

At all bookstores • \$6.00

**LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON**

1922, Father Fermoyle accompanies the Cardinal to Rome for the papal election, and there Pius XI appoints him to the Vatican Secretariat of State with the title of Monsignor. For a short time, Stephen circulates in the brilliant world of the Roman aristocracy; and he is fiercely tested by his love for the Contessa Ghislana Falerni. Weathering this critical period, he returns to the United States as special adviser to the Apostolic Delegate. Later he becomes Archbishop of Hartford, and on the eve of the Second World War is nominated Cardinal.

Mr. Robinson's novel is a vast and intricate tapestry crowded with characters of every estate, and with a host of individual dramas hinging on love, on money, on politics, and on faith. The reader comes to know, intimately, the grueling routine of the parish priest. He is initiated into the executive machinery and fiscal operations of the Catholic Church. He sees Vatican diplomacy in the making. Through Stephen Fermoyle, he approaches the altar as a celebrant, enters the confessional as a looser of sins, and sits in the Sistine Chapel as a Cardinal-elect.

The author has woven into his story much embattled exposition of Catholic doctrine and scathing attacks on such practices as birth control. There is the essence, here, of half a dozen tracts, and some non-Catholic readers may find the book's militancy sometimes disconcerting.

From the standpoint of craftsmanship, *The Cardinal* is a performance of remarkable virtuosity. Mr. Robinson moves with equal assurance over the ground traveled by a Boston curate and through the inner precincts of the Vatican, and he has skillfully welded materials of great diversity into a very readable book. I could not, however, see in *The Cardinal* any real literary quality. As a piece of fiction, it seemed to me shot through with unreality and lacking in any depth.

The characterization is almost unfailingly flawed by sentimentality, and Stephen Fermoyle himself never fully came alive to me: he holds attention by virtue of his office, but not as a fictional creation. Virtually every episode in the novel is, in effect, a slick magazine story with a "happy ending" that is improbably pat. And the book as a whole has a strong Horatio Alger flavor. It failed, as far as I was concerned, to project cre-

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.

announces

The SHAKESPEARE QUARTERLY

appearing in

January, April, July and October

Beginning with the January, 1950 issue, the reorganized Shakespeare Association of America will issue its publication in larger format and under the new name, *The Shakespeare Quarterly*. The Quarterly will be sent to all members of the Association. Its aim is to foster primarily four interests:

- 1 Shakespeare in the theater
- 2 Shakespeare in scholarship
- 3 Shakespeare in the schools and libraries
- 4 Shakespeare in local reading groups

The Shakespeare *Bibliography* will be redesigned and more fully annotated (in cooperation with foreign correspondents). It will appear regularly in the April issue.

ADVISORY BOARD

James G. McManaway, *Chairman*

Thomas W. Baldwin	Willard E. Farnham	George F. Reynolds
Oscar J. Campbell	George B. Harrison	Hyder E. Rollins
Hardin Craig	William T. Hastings	Matthias A. Shaaber
Madeleine Doran	Arthur Heine	Elmer E. Stoll
John W. Draper	Robert Adger Law	George C. Taylor
Maurice Evans	Thomas Marc Parrott	Margaret Webster
	Henry N. Paul	

EDITORIAL BOARD

Robert M. Smith, *Chairman*

Mrs. Donald F. Hyde	Giles E. Dawson
James G. McManaway	Virgil Heltzel
BIBLIOGRAPHER	MANAGING EDITOR
Sidney Thomas	Robert F. Herrick
Queens College, Long Island	Lehigh University

MEMBERSHIP

(including the *Quarterly*)

Active—\$3 annually.	Sustaining—\$10 annually.
Life Members—\$100.	Patrons—\$1000.

You are invited to join

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.

Mr. John Fleming, *Secretary-Treasurer*
The Shakespeare Association of America, Inc.
322 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please accept the undersigned application for _____ membership in The Shakespeare Association of America, Inc. I enclose check (or money order) for \$_____. Please mail The Shakespeare Quarterly to the address listed below.

Name (or Organization) _____

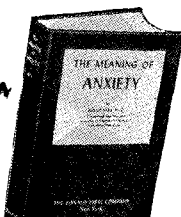
Mailing Address _____

STREET

CITY

ZONE

STATE



JUST PUBLISHED

THE Meaning of Anxiety

by **ROLLO MAY, Ph.D.**
Consulting Psychologist

A new inquiry into the nature of anxiety, drawing on the theories advanced by philosophers, psychiatrists, biologists, economists, and others, from *Kierkegaard* and *Freud*, to *Fromm* and *Horney*.

In a style as absorbing as it is lucid, Dr. May weaves common elements in the thinking of all into a concept of anxiety which he tests in actual case study. His conclusions indicate not only the sound way to overcome neurotic anxiety, but also answer the question of whether anxiety has its normal and healthy form—a condition, indeed, of creative activity and the capacity for a full life. An important book on a subject of vital interest **\$4.50**

MARRIAGE ANALYSIS

by **HAROLD T. CHRISTENSEN**, *Purdue University*. A rational, scientific approach to marital problems, designed to help the reader establish for himself the foundation for a successful married life. Centered around the human element in the marriage undertaking, its topics include: society and successful marriage, predicting success and failure, personality background, sexual perspective, choosing a mate, mate adjustment, parenthood, growing old gracefully, and living without a mate. **\$4.50**

COUNSELING THE HANDICAPPED in the REHABILITATION PROCESS

by **KENNETH W. HAMILTON**, *Ohio State University*. A revolutionary book on the subject of rehabilitation, in which an authority advances an enlightened new concept of the community's responsibility in the handling of disabled persons. Written from the counselor's point of view, the book defines the functions of rehabilitation in terms of the handicapped individual's needs, covering every step in the process, from assembling a thorough case history, to helping the handicapped person help himself. **\$3.50**

CATHOLIC SOCIAL THOUGHT

by **MELVIN J. WILLIAMS**, *The Florida State University*. Foreword by the Rev. Paul Hanly Fursey, *The Catholic University of America*. Impartially, this new book calls attention to a group of social thinkers whose work has heretofore received all too little notice. The reader learns what Catholics regard as sociology, and to what extent Catholic ideas have been applied to social reform and welfare work. Written by a non-Catholic, the book sums up with consummate objectivity the viewpoint of those who regard Catholic teachings as important elements of social science. **\$5.00**

1950 Catalog on request

THE RONALD PRESS COMPANY
15 East 26th Street • New York 10, N. Y.

actively any vital sense of religious experience. This criticism is in no way related to Mr. Robinson's theology. One need not share the author's viewpoint to find imaginative truth in a work of the imagination.

Martinis and martyrdom

One of the tests, in fact, of a fictional work's imaginative vitality is its ability to make us tacitly accept, "for the duration," the values of its creator. It seems to me somewhat doubtful whether *The Cocktail Party* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.00) — a didactic religious play in verse by **T. S. Eliot** — succeeds in fully imposing that acceptance, at any rate on the skeptically inclined reader. It is obviously an arresting work, intellectually and artistically, and an entertainment of great sophistication. I confess, though, that the climax stirred questionings about the play (which I am speaking of, here, from a reader's standpoint; on the stage it is distinctly more compelling). In the final scene, Mr. Eliot invites us to join in celebrating the proposition that to be crucified by savages and then devoured by ants is a triumphant destiny for a young woman of the Mayfair smart set who, after the failure of a love affair, finds herself burdened with guilt and eager to be delivered of "a craving for something I cannot find." Before pursuing this point, I'd better try to sketch the situation which Eliot has devised.

The Cocktail Party, to simplify things drastically, is principally concerned with Edward and Lavinia Chamberlayne, whose marriage is loveless and faithless on both sides; and with Celia Coplestone, Edward's mistress, who makes the disillusioning discovery that she has projected perfection onto a spineless egotist.

The play opens with a cocktail party at which there is a mysterious stranger who later turns out to be Sir Henry Harcourt-Reilly, the "doctor" to whom the two Chamberlaynes and Celia take their problems. Reilly convinces the Chamberlaynes that they must stick to each other. He makes Edward realize that he is incapable of loving and Lavinia that she is unlovable, which at least gives them a common bond of isolation — "The best of a bad job is all any of us make of it / Except of course, the saints." To Celia, whose deep consciousness of sin and hunger for perfection will not be stilled, Reilly pre-

scribes the saint's road to salvation, and Celia joins a missionary nursing unit. At a cocktail party given two years later by the Chamberlaynes, now adjusted to each other, we learn of Celia's martyrdom on an Asiatic island.

It is presumptuous, I'm afraid, to try to locate imperfections in a work by Mr. Eliot, but then presumption is the "original sin" of book reviewing, and timidity is not the road to virtue. Mr. Eliot, as I said earlier, did not wholly make me his disciple in the play — especially in the mystical conclusion — because, I believe, he fails to induce in the reader a sufficiently exalted mood; he fails to transport him fully from the plane of reason to the plane of faith.

This weakness is traceable to two sources. In the interest of realistic characterization, Eliot has been sparing of poetic effects. The blank verse and the language, though they are wonderfully good, maintain for two acts a rather cerebral and mundane tone; and the more poetic tone of the last act is still not sufficiently intense. Secondly, Eliot's mouthpiece, Reilly — at once psychiatrist and priest — contains a slightly troubling contradiction in his dualism. By presenting Reilly (though never explicitly) as a psychiatrist, Eliot weakens his authority as a priestlike exponent of God's will. Reilly's professional status has strong connotations which do not jibe with Eliot's mystical Anglicanism. While in Reilly's consulting room, I couldn't help thinking, disconcertingly, that Celia's tormenting guilt and perfectionism, which to Reilly make her a candidate for martyrdom, might equally well make her a candidate for the analytic couch.

All this may smack of quibbling, and it is a measure of the impact of *The Cocktail Party* that it prompts endless discussion, ranging from thoughts about the nature of salvation to fascinated wonder why Reilly takes water in his gin. Mr. Eliot has achieved an extraordinarily provocative fusion of drawing-room comedy, psychological study, and morality play suffused with symbolism and ritual. *The Cocktail Party* is at once sardonic, effectively playful, and charged with telling human insights as well as with religious feeling.

This America

For quite some time this nation's most absorbing intellectual quest has been the quest to discover its own

AAKCAAAKCAAAK

*One of the truly great
novels of our generation*

THE WALL

by
JOHN HERSEY

632 pages
\$4.00 wherever books are sold

ALFRED A. KNOFF
Publisher

AAKCAAAKCAAAK

*This lost masterpiece reads
as though Ernie Pyle
reported the Civil War*

RUSTICS IN REBELLION

*A Yankee Reporter on the
Road to Richmond 1861-1865
By George Alfred Townsend*

HERE is an original, exciting
slant on the Civil War—as told
by a Yankee correspondent
who made friends among
the enemy in Virginia.
In reading this
human interest
story, you will
see the famous
figures and the
ordinary people
of the Civil War
in an altogether
new light.



**Just published
\$3.50**

At all bookstores

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS
CHAPEL HILL

identity. I suspect that a tally would show that the United States has turned out more books in the field of national self-analysis than any other country. The latest of these comes from a distinguished historian, **Henry Steele Commager** of Columbia University, and it is on the whole a worth-while addition. *The American Mind* (Yale University Press, \$5.00), "an interpretation of American thought and character since the 1880's," has nothing in common with those arid and exhausting products of the academy which seem designed for no other purpose than to contribute a few footnotes to succeeding tomes of equal sterility. This is the kind of book, scholarly yet inviting to the general reader, which represents a valuable contribution to publishing from the University Presses.

Professor Commager is one of the rather small company of serious scholars who are also lively writers, and one of the still smaller band who are blessed with wit to boot. Again and again, he points up a familiar idea with such epigrammatic touches as: Americans, "when they imagined heaven . . . thought of it as operating under an American constitution." Or this, on the growth of public relations: the Churches, too, "arranged that God should have a good press."

Commager sees in the eighteenth-century a watershed in the history of American ideas: it was then that the self-confidence and orthodoxy of the nineteenth century began to crumble under the impact of Darwinism and determinism. A composite portrait of the Nineteenth-Century American opens the book, one of the Twentieth-Century American closes it. The differences show to what extent and in what ways certainty has given place to uncertainty, complacency to anxiety.

To Commager, America's crucial intellectual struggle after the eighties was between a brutal social Darwinism and a socially-minded pragmatism. The former preached the sanctity of laissez faire and invoked "natural law" as a justification for shoring up the status quo. The latter protested the ravages involved in "the survival of the fittest"; regarded government as an agency of social welfare, and held, with Justice Holmes, that the lifeblood of the law was not logic but experience. This is the framework within which Commager charts and interprets the evolution of the American mind as dis-

SCRIBNERS

The Nature of Natural History

By **MARSTON BATES**. The enquiring reader will delight in this lucid, entertaining book which reveals the methods and motives of science in its approach to natural history. Dr. Bates, an eminent biologist, succeeds not only in opening up to the reader's eyes the intricate wonders of the living world, but more important, he gives a rare backstage view of science, its strategy, its techniques and its philosophy.
309 pages \$3.50

Editor to Author The Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins

Selected and edited by **JOHN HALL WHEELOCK**. Nearly 200 letters of the great Scribner editor, to such writers as Fitzgerald, Wolfe and Hemingway, show an intensely creative editorial mind at work and reveal the genesis of some of the important literature of the past three decades.
315 pages \$3.75

Landscape Painting

By **SIR KENNETH CLARK**, former Director of the National Gallery, Slade Professor of Fine Arts, Oxford University. A comprehensive critical survey from the Middle Ages through Cézanne, Seurat, Van Gogh, etc. "One of the most interesting and important books on art to appear for a long time."—*N. Y. Times*.
104 illustrations \$5.00

SCRIBNERS

Let us teach you

—TO WRITE—

WAITER SELLS NOVEL

A Magazine Institute Student who is working as a waiter recently signed a contract for his first novel, with an advance of over \$1000 — after completing only half the assignments of the course.

PATIENT WINS PRIZE

A recent convalescent, after completing the Magazine Institute Course, won a \$100 prize for a magazine article.

HOUSEWIFE GETS \$300 CHECK

A Virginia housewife, after working a few months, in spare time, with The Magazine Institute, sold her first story to a woman's magazine for \$300.

(All experiences taken from MI files)

The Magazine Institute, a private school owned, operated, and staffed by successful writers and editors, offers you a chance to learn to write by *writing*—under the personal direction of an established writer. You receive regular assignments (as on a magazine or newspaper) designed to get you started and keep you writing. All your work is returned with detailed and authoritative criticism. You see just what needs to be done to improve your writing and develop professional skill. You get a chance to try fiction, non-fiction, or newspaper work, whatever seems best suited to your natural ability. Before long you are preparing, under our direction, in your own home, short stories, sketches, articles, features.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG TODAY

The free catalog, offering a detailed description of the Magazine Institute plan of modern help to writers, telling about opportunities for writers, and identifying the writers and editors who serve as instructors, will be sent on request. Inquirers will also receive "The Best Job in the World" listing unsolicited testimonials from successful graduates. Fill in the coupon below and mail it today.

VETERANS:
THIS
COURSE
APPROVED
FOR
VETERANS'
TRAINING

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.

50 Rockefeller Plaza
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC.

Dept. 15B, 50 Rockefeller Plaza
Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.

Please send free catalog, without obligation to:

NAME-----

ADDRESS-----

(Inquiries confidential — No salesman will call)

☐ Check here if eligible under G. I. Bill

played in the leading ideas which have run through literature and journalism; religious thought and practice; philosophy, economics, and political theory; architecture and jurisprudence.

Mr. Commager's over-all view is a familiar one, and indeed there is little in his book that is original. He is not, however, reaching for novel insights but for sharper definition and sharper understanding.

His special value as a commentator is that he combines an exhilarating enthusiasm for his subject with a keenly critical viewpoint and an absence of cant that is becoming increasingly rare where patriotism is involved. He combines, too, a readiness to commit himself to forthright opinions with a willingness to admit that some questions must be left open.

It could be objected that the diversity of this country makes some of Commager's neat generalizations about "the American mind" distinctly arbitrary, and each reader will, no doubt, discover further grounds for controversy in the chapters where he is most at home. Those on literature seemed to me to contain a number of decidedly dubious estimates. Cabell, I felt, is taken too seriously (Commager sees in him some relation to Santayana). It is also arguable that the author goes too far in calling Edwin Arlington Robinson "the most distinguished of American men of letters of his generation." Commager is, quite clearly, repelled by the dominant trend in literature since the impact of Freud; and when he is dealing with "the psychological school . . . abandoned to irrationality" (Sherwood Anderson, Hart Crane, Gertrude Stein, Faulkner, Cummings, Aiken, and others are grouped under this banner), he is more the indignant moralist than the analytic critic which he shows himself to be elsewhere. (Surprisingly, Commager himself, in one passage, abstains from judging changes in the American character, because such judgment "implies the existence of a moral standard.")

Considerations of this sort are a secondary matter in a book that is so extensive in sweep. A triple alliance of scholarly exposition, vigorous interpretation, and literary grace makes *The American Mind* a spirited and enlightening piece of history.

Proust revisited

Notwithstanding the immense amount written about Proust, Harold

March's *The Two Worlds of Marcel Proust*, published in 1948, was actually the first all-round study in English which fully incorporated the data that had filtered out during the thirties. Now a comprehensive study of Proust containing much brand-new source material comes to us from André Maurois, who has had access to unpublished memoranda and notebooks in the keeping of Proust's niece, and to numerous unpublished letters from Proust to his parents and from them to him.

Maurois's *Proust: Portrait of a Genius* (Harper, \$4.50), translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins, is not another of the romantically toned Lives with which Maurois's popularity is associated, but a serious though not austere combination of biography and critical interpretation (in roughly equal proportions). The biography is, I believe, the most full-bodied and most intimate that has yet appeared in English, and therefore thoroughly fascinating.

The new documentation (which makes this book essential reading for the specialist) enables Maurois to tell us more about how some of Proust's characters took shape; aside from this, the interpretative section is not notable for its contribution to Proustian criticism. It does, however, a very welcome job of restating, succinctly and tidily, what has been said in various places before, and of molding this into an enlightening study. Readers who want to know more about Proust and his work will, I should think, find themselves well served by Maurois's intelligently conducted tour of Proust's extraordinary world. I was occasionally embarrassed by the guide's weakness for a pompous rhetorical touch, such as: "A number of squalid individuals, unworthy of [Proust's] affection, raged like wild beasts in the mud of . . . one region of [his] heart." On the whole, though, the writing leads the reader along fairly effectively.

The most arresting feature of Maurois's *Portrait of a Genius* is, of course, the hitherto unpublished material. Some of it is just mildly interesting — letters to his family during military service; letters to friends and men of letters at all stages of his life; a long and fantastically involved set of instructions to his broker, and so on. Some of it, however, contains revelations of real consequence. One letter to his mother is a uniquely literal proof of the accepted theory

that Proust's asthma was related to his obsessive need for affection; predicting that he was about to fall ill, he wrote to Madame Proust: "I have no doubt that you will again be perfectly sweet to me as soon as I am in the same state I was in twelve months ago. . . . It really is miserable not to be able to enjoy both health and affection simultaneously." Several long memoranda bring to light Proust's ideas about homosexuality and the secret torment it caused him: Maurois's whole book adds greatly to our still fragmentary knowledge of this aspect of Proust's life, and it does so with unflinching tact.

The material from Proust's Notebooks furnishes fresh insight into his working methods, and shows the origin of certain elements in the novel and some of the changes in Proust's plans (he first intended to put much more of himself into Swann and to write *Swann's Way* in the third person). We learn from specific passages how much both the beauty and over-elaboration of Proust's style owe to rewriting: the rough drafts quoted are sometimes a bit flat, and usually more direct than the final version. No other book on Proust has given the reader so many glimpses of the actual building of the great novel. As an occasional witness of this building process and not merely an explorer of the finished work, I emerged from Maurois's pages with a more direct and more poignant sense of the immensity and grandeur of the creative effort which Proust, triumphing over his incredible weakness of character, was able to achieve.

Potpourri

THE DOG STAR by Donald Windham.
Doubleday, \$3.00.

This ably written, unpretentious first novel deals with the brief career of a juvenile delinquent. Blackie Pride runs away from reform school when his best friend and idol, Whitey, commits suicide. Returning to his home, he sets out to be as flawlessly tough, as inhumanly self-sufficient as Whitey. He gets a girl, swaggers around the low dives, gambles, steals, bullies, callously discards his girl, and eventually gets into trouble with other petty gangsters. To Blackie Pride, "Affection, happiness and pleasure were compensations of the weak. And his desire for an ideal strength, unpolluted by the compensations of the world . . . was so strong that the more renunciations were demanded the more strong it grew."

THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE

Bread Loaf

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

AUGUST 16-30

25th Anniversary
Session*

Director: THEODORE MORRISON
Assistant Director: RICHARD L. BROWN

Come to the outstanding 25th Anniversary Session of the popular Middlebury College Writers' Conference; held in the cool, scenic mountain village of Bread Loaf, Vt.

Enjoy the interesting, carefully planned two-fold program:

- (1) Regular instruction, lectures, group "clinics", private conferences for criticism of manuscripts. Novel, short story, biography, history, articles, and verse considered. Leading literary staff members.
- *(2) Special Anniversary program of evening lectures by people prominent in many branches of writing. Lecturers will discuss important problems of writing in relation to the contemporary world.
Early registration advised.

For complete Bulletin, information write

OFFICE OF THE SUMMER SCHOOLS

Middlebury College

Middlebury 8, Vermont



STAFF and LECTURERS

will include:

CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN,
Biographer of Holmes, John Adams, etc.
JOHN MASON BROWN, *Drama Critic*
JOHN CIARDI, *Poet*
BETTY FINNIN, *Fiction Editor*
ROBERT FROST, *Poet*
NANNINE JOSEPH, *Literary Agent*
FLETCHER PRATT, *Historian, Articles*
MARK SAXTON, *Novelist, Editor*
WILLIAM SLOANE, *Publisher*
MAX WYLIE, *Radio Expert*



He writes
for THE ATLANTIC

JOHN E. HUTTON

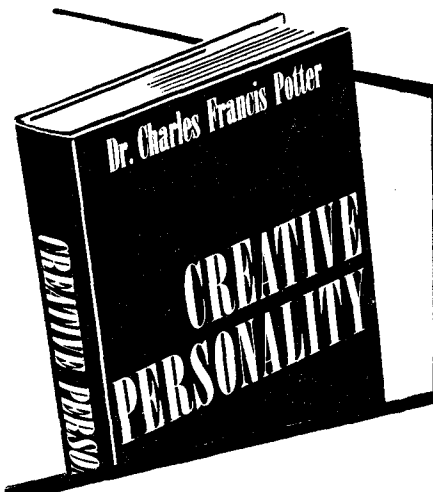
author of the
new book

TROUT AND SALMON FISHING

is known to ATLANTIC readers for *Salmon Fishing in Low Water*, June 1947, *When Salmon Sulk*, July, 1947, and other lively and informative pieces. His new book is a compendium of practical philosophy and usable knowledge for all fishermen. *Illustrated.*

At all bookstores • \$5.00

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book
LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON



"CREATIVE PERSONALITY

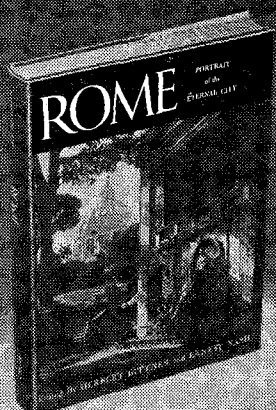
is a refreshing corrective for the stream of recent books on peace of mind and soul. Here is meat for the mature mind to feed upon for satisfaction . . . Would that this book could fall into the hands of all who found no real help in the earlier offerings."—STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN, *Minister of the First Unitarian Church, Los Angeles.*

"A very important book — THE BOOK millions of devout, educated but confused persons have been longing for to bridge the so-called chasm between science and religion." — ALBERT EDWARD WIGGAM (author of the column "Let's Explore Your Mind").

\$2.50 at bookstores

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

The most beautiful book
for the Holy Year!



More than 170 remarkable photographs—the Vatican, the ruins of ancient Rome, street scenes of the modern city. With an introduction by Giuseppe Prezzolini. 128 plates, 8 1/4" x 11 1/4", \$6.50

THE HENRY REGNERY COMPANY

THE NEW AMERICAN EDITION of the World-famous *Everyman's* Library

Just published, the first ten volumes of this new American Edition of the world's most complete library of great books, will delight all book-lovers. Large pages, clear type, beautiful gold-stamped cloth bindings, cellophane jackets, these volumes are superb additions to your library.

NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER.

Van Wyck Brooks

OF THE NATURE OF THINGS. *Lucretius*

THE SOCIAL CONTRACT
AND DISCOURSES.

Jean Jacques Rousseau

UTILITARIANISM, LIBERTY AND
REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT

John Stuart Mill

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. *Jane Austen*

LEVIATHAN. *Thomas Hobbes*

PLAYS AND POEMS.

Christopher Marlowe

THE CONFESSIONS OF ST. AUGUSTINE

THE REPUBLIC OF PLATO

THE ETHICS OF ARISTOTLE

at bookstores, \$1.25 a volume

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, Inc.

The Dog Star is a perceptive study of this twisted idealism.

Mr. Windham has succeeded in projecting his central character with real understanding and compassion. He has sketched Blackie's tough little world sharply and economically; and he has been able to keep his story continually on the move.

THE SUNNIER SIDE by *Charles Jackson*. Farrar, Straus, \$2.75.

In these twelve stories set in the village of Arcadia in upstate New York, Mr. Jackson backtracks from *The Lost Weekend* and shows us the boyhood and adolescence of Don Birnam during the years 1912 to 1918. The title piece is something of a stunt. Cast as a reply to a letter asking why he neglects the sunnier side of life, it interweaves reflections on the craft of fiction with the life stories of the three girlhood companions of Jackson's correspondent, who grew up in Arcadia. Their destinies were, respectively, nymphomania and alcoholism; obesity and accidental death; unhappy marriage climaxed by murder of husband, child, and self. Most of the other eleven tales in the book hinge on the sexual tensions of the teens, dramatized against a background of small-town mores.

Mr. Jackson again displays marked narrative ability, but even so he is unequal to making his subject matter seem other than trivial and unpleasant in the majority of these pieces.

YOUR TRIP ABROAD: The Handbook of Pleasure Travel by *Richard Joseph*. Doubleday, \$2.95.

Though addressed primarily to prospective innocents abroad, this unusually comprehensive and intelligently planned handbook contains a good deal of information that will come in useful to the seasoned traveler. The author is inclined to write the ruthlessly folksy, tirelessly bouncy brand of prose that has become the professional patois of today's travel dopesters, but otherwise his book shows a pretty civilized point of view — it starts out, very sensibly, by rebutting the mischievous legend that every foreigner is hell-bent on plundering the American visitor.

Mr. Joseph manages to dispense a phenomenal amount of factual information about all of the countries in Western Europe except Spain; about most of South America; Mexico and the Caribbean; and Hawaii. In addition to dealing with such obvious matters as fares, hotels, and prices, he lists restaurants, night clubs, outstanding shops, and "useful addresses" (pharmacies, travel agencies, consulates, and so forth). He offers sight-seeing itineraries and goes very thoroughly into the problem of tipping in each country. *Your Trip Abroad* is the best of the comprehensive travel books which have been put out to date.

Is "writer's block" a stumbling block with you?

... In his new book **THE WRITER AND PSYCHOANALYSIS**, a noted psychiatrist, Edmund Bergler, M.D., draws startling conclusions on the whole concept and problems of creative writing, based on treatment of 36 authors who could no longer "write a line." Every writer will profit from reading **THE WRITER AND PSYCHOANALYSIS**, \$3.50 at all booksellers, or postpaid from Doubleday & Co., Dept. AM5, Garden City, N. Y.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE

UNIVERSITY OF CONNECTICUT

June 27 — July 1, 1950

Staff in fiction and poetry:

MALCOLM COWLEY PETER VIERECK
FRANCIS FERGUSSON WALLACE FOWLER

In children's books:

PHYLLIS WHITNEY
EUNICE BLAKE EDITH MEYER

For folder write R. W. STALLMAN, Leader
University of Connecticut Writers' Conference
Storrs, Connecticut

A LITERARY PROBLEM?

Sincere and friendly cooperation offered the professional or promising amateur. Literary services as well as conscientious sales attention. Write today for FREE booklet "YOUR ROAD TO WRITING SUCCESS."

DANIEL S. MEAD LITERARY AGENCY
419 Fourth Avenue, Dept. AM, New York 16

Bring the best country
cooking into your city
kitchen with



AUNT ELLA'S

Cook Book

By MARGUERITE GILBERT
McCarthy

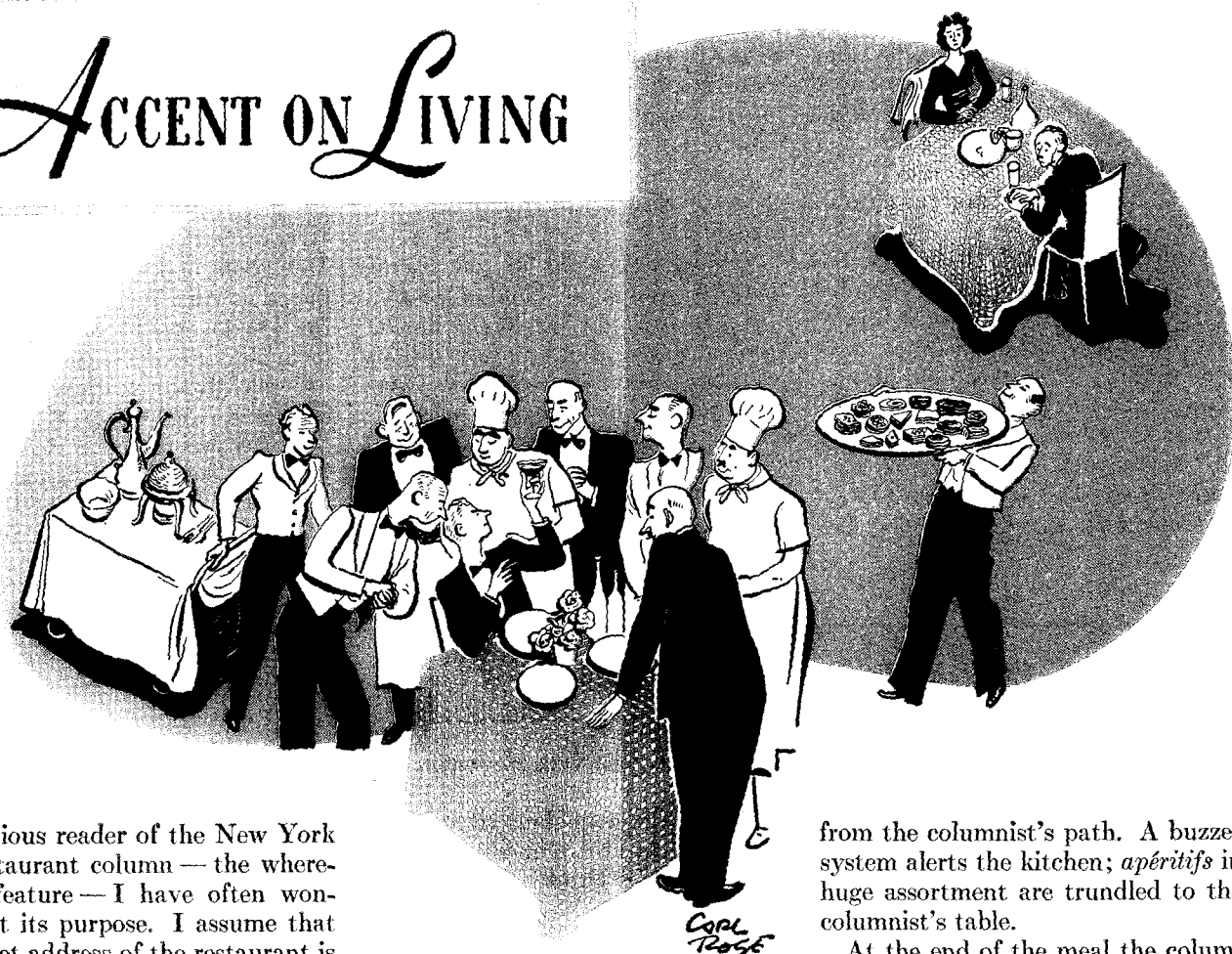
All the delicious country
recipes that you thought
you could never find. A
delight to read, and
delightful to cook by.

At all bookstores • \$2.75

An Atlantic Monthly Press Book

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY
BOSTON

ACCENT ON LIVING



As a pious reader of the New York restaurant column — the where-to-eat feature — I have often wondered at its purpose. I assume that the street address of the restaurant is given correctly by the columnist, but in other respects the column seems to represent a somewhat private relationship of mutual esteem on the part of the columnist and the places where he eats.

What handbook values are transmitted to the general public in consequence of these reports I do not know, but the situation might be worth a bit of adjustment.

No restaurant columnist, for instance, ever has reason to say a cross word about what befalls him in the places he covers. Complaints would be rank ingratitude and, worse, unjustified.

No one in all Manhattan — or in any other metropolitan area — feeds so well and so inexpensively as a restaurant columnist; no Grand Duke deigning to breakfast at Frédéric's Tour d'Argent in its great days was accorded greater deference or more lavish victuals than the columnist commands. This is because the columnist rarely makes a meal impromptu, and never without identifying himself. A letterhead with thick overtones of publicity, putting mine host on notice about three weeks in

THIS MONTH

advance of the columnist's specimen meal, takes care of everything.

Thus apprised, the restaurant begins marketing and organizing and making ready for the feast. It may even send out for a couple of bottles of fairly good wine of which the columnist will eventually write, conscientiously: "Few wines deserve to be called 'great,' but no other term would do justice to the — (date) — (label) which genial M. — produced for me from his renowned cellars." (This sentence is kept standing in type at the columnist's paper, and all he has to do is fill in the blanks.)

The columnist's arrival at the restaurant is attended by much ceremony; short of an escort of Hussars from Squadron A, nothing is omitted. The habitual scowl of M. Henri (*né* Enrico Garbanzo) becomes an abject simper. His trusted lieutenant, M. Emile (Emil Hauffenbolster), is next in the receiving line, gesturing the bus boys and indeed the other customers

from the columnist's path. A buzzer system alerts the kitchen; *apéritifs* in huge assortment are trundled to the columnist's table.

At the end of the meal the columnist nobly calls for the reckoning, thereby reducing M. Henri to tears of anguish. Please, *Mossoo* — so valued a friend of the house — privilege to serve — accept our hospitality — pleasure —

On the strength of all this, the column's readers will be advised somewhat as follows: —

"A favorite dining place of mine is Le Cafard d'Or. Its prices are reasonable, its cuisine impeccable. I dropped in at this justly celebrated house recently and found it fully up to the standard I reported to you six months ago.

"My old friend M. Henri gave [*sic*] me a superb Pâté de Rossignol by way of an appetizer, along with a Tartelette au Caviar à la Russe, Saumon Froid à la Royale, and many other pleasant things. Grenadin de Bœuf Grand Veneur — and very tasty too — fresh fruits au Kirsch, and a Café Brûlot comprised the rest of a delicious meal, served with all the finesse for which Le Cafard is famous.

"Few wines deserve to be called 'great,' but no other term would do justice to . . ."

What would happen if the columnist's identity was a secret, if he walked into a strange place cold, ordered a big meal, and paid for it in real money? I suspect that developments of considerably more direct meaning to the average reader would ensue. Would Henri himself or Luigi himself or Herr Schmalz himself take quite so much trouble and be quite so solicitous?

The columnist ought to be a mousy little man, nondescript in dress, timid in manner. His wife would drape over the back of her chair an inexpensive fur-collared cloth coat in such a way that the label "Burdock's — Nirvana — Ohio" would be plain to all. Mark you, they would be perfectly decent-looking citizens, these experimenters, these test pilots, but

flagrantly in the Doakes tradition — just plain nobodies.

What the public needs to know is how Henri and Luigi and Herr Schmalz play up to these harmless strangers, people who come quietly into a supposedly good restaurant, looking for a fine dinner and willing to pay for it. I have a feeling that an accurate report would resemble the following: —

"Dined last night at one of my favorite haunts, Le Dindon de Platine. It took us two hours to get stools at the bar, but by eleven o'clock everybody else had left and we were given a table just outside the men's room.

"Herr Schmalz himself, with his usual Old World manner, paid no attention to us, but he found tables

for a lot of people who came in after we did. Unfortunately, the specialties of the house were all gone, but we were able to get some bouillon, assorted cold meats, and one portion of the renowned 'Dindon,' this last arriving at precisely room temperature. It was hard to tell it from the stewed chicken which Luigi dispenses to the *cognoscenti* just across the street at Le Perdreau d'Ormolu. Macaroons and lukewarm coffee completed another memorable evening at the Dindon de Platine. Our check, including a bottle of cheap California wine hastily ducked into a bucket of ice water, came to just \$34.50.

"I'll hope to report to you next week on the regular dinner there if they'll let me into the place."

CHARLES W. MORTON

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS BY NOW

by MARGHANITA LASKI

MARGHANITA LASKI is the author of *Toasted English* and *Little Boy Lost*. *Accent on Living* readers will recall her "Cheap Clothes for Fat Old Women," in the July, 1949, *Atlantic*.

IT IS as much a source of amazement as of income to me that readers of the women's magazines have such an insatiable thirst for reading the same information over and over again, despite the fact that any one year's reading must inevitably give enough information about the technique of being a woman to see one through a lifetime. I have, then, no fear of spoiling the market, either for myself or others. Every subject in this symposium, given a snappy title and an angle that appeals to the editor, will still be worth a substantial fee.

ACCESSORIES

The simplest are in the best taste.

Men like women to be in the best taste.

BROKEN HEARTS

Find a new interest.

Time cures all.

Men don't like women to ring them up.

CARE OF FACE

Remove old make-up with cream (dry skins), lotion (oily skins), or superfatted soap (if you must).

Then dab face with an astringent lotion.

Then pat in nourishing cream.

Blackheads are frequently due to internal causes. Drink lots of water.

Men are repelled by pimples.

CHARM

Charm is an indefinable quality.

Men like it.



CLOTHES

Choose the clothes that suit you.

You can be perfectly dressed at every income level.

Little touches of white must be immaculate.

Diagonal stripes are slimming.

Invest your all in one good little black dress (or tweed suit).

Don't go in for clutter but have lots of bits and pieces that will make one outfit do the work of ten.

Men like black satin, well-cut

tweeds, floating tulle, utter simplicity, and don't notice what you wear anyway.

CULTURE

Read good books sometimes.

Men don't like cultured women much.

FIGURE

Figure deficiencies are frequently glandular. Consult your doctor.

A good corset can correct many figure faults. Have it fitted by an expert.

Good exercises can correct bad figures. Here are some.

Men like good figures.

FURS

If you can't afford good furs don't have any, but there are some awfully good cheap ones in the shops.

Men are impressed by mink — but then, so are you.

HAIR ON THE HEAD

The condition of the hair reflects the general health.

Massage with the finger tips stimulates the scalp.

Brush fifty times a day and wash at least every fortnight.

Choose the hair style that suits you and don't get into a rut.

No moral opprobrium is attached to dye.

Men love those gleaming tresses.

HAIR, SUPERFLUOUS

In the armpits remove by depilatory.

On the legs remove by depilatory, wax, sandpaper, or razor; the last will coarsen the new growth.

On the face remove by wax (will weaken growth) or by electrolysis (will kill it).

If the growth is slight, bleach with peroxide-and-ammonia.

Men notice superfluous hair.

HANDS

Before doing rough work smooth a protective cream over your hands.

After washing, smooth a creamy lotion over your hands.

Make your hands flexible by shaking in one way or another.

File your nails to the shape that suits you.

Press back your cuticles after you've had a bath.

Chipped polish looks slovenly.

Men abhor scarlet talons.

JEWELRY

One big good piece is better than a lot of little cheap trinkets.

One big cheap piece is better than a lot of little good ones.

In fact, One Big Piece is Best.

Men are better if they like jewelry.

MAKE-UP

Smooth on foundation cream or lotion, not forgetting neck.

Add rouge where it improves the natural shape of your face.

Add discreet eye-shadow and mascara on the upper lids only.

Paint outline of lips with a brush, fill in with lipstick, blot on a tissue, powder, and add more lipstick.

Press in powder over face and neck; remove surplus.

Men don't like women to be obviously made up.

MANNERS

Be sweet to old people.

Be kind to his mother.

Be nice to other girls — they have brothers.

Don't comb your hair or clean your nails in public.

Don't order direct from the waiter.

Don't swear or drink too much.

Men hate red marks on coffee cups.

MARRIAGE

Enter it joyously and proudly.

Remember you've got to take as well as give.



From where we sit



"EVERYONE SAYS THAT THINGS
ARE LOOKING BETTER, WHITEY!"



"THINGS ALWAYS LOOK
BETTER WHEN HOST AND
GUESTS GATHER WITH A BOTTLE
OF BLACK & WHITE...THEY KNOW ITS
QUALITY AND CHARACTER
NEVER CHANGE!"

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character



BLENDING SCOTCH WHISKY 86.8 PROOF
THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

There are all sorts of compensations.

Men should be *encouraged* to wash up.

PERFUME

Choose the perfume that suits you.

Spray it onto your body but never onto your clothes.

Test new perfume by trying a drop on the back of your hand.

Have different perfumes for different moods or make one perfume distinctively YOU.

Men are enraptured by perfume.

SHOPPING

Either go with an open mind or with a rigidly-to-be-adhered-to list.

Either enlist the help of the shop assistant or don't let her make up your mind for you.

Either men like shopping or — more usually — they don't.

SHYNESS

Prepare a few conversational remarks to break the ice.

Try to put the other person at *his* ease.

Instruct yourself in current affairs.
Join a club.

Men like a woman to be a good listener.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Cream hands thickly and sleep in gloves the night before.

Try to fit in a facial and a hair-do.

Rest for an hour with your feet up and pads over your eyes.

Make up extra specially carefully.

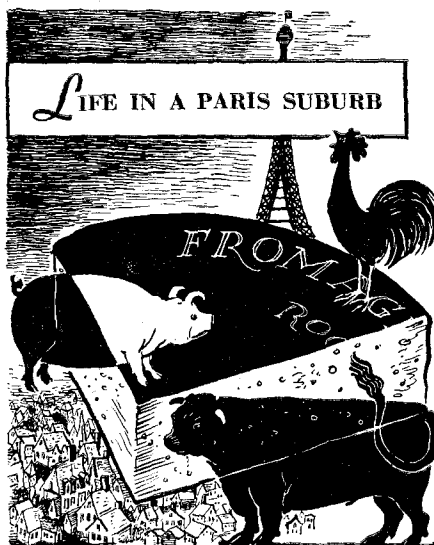
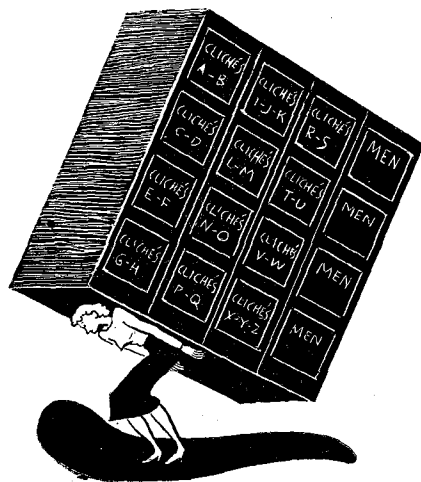
Oh, men, men, men.

TOP SECRET

Consult your doctor.

Send us a stamped addressed envelope.

Men are beasts.



by RAOUL SIMPKINS

RAOUL SIMPKINS, a former British diplomat, concludes his account of the pleasures of living in France which he began in these pages last month.

WE HAD not been long in our villa ten miles west of Paris, whence the Eiffel Tower is clearly discernible on all but the dullest day, when we encountered the most traditionally pleasing factor of life in France — and, in another field, perhaps the most ghastly. I need only say that, since I left Washington a year ago, I have put on just fifteen pounds, for it to be instantly clear that French food and cooking lack nothing of their old-time seduction and abundance. Here are some of the items you find in the great, bustling, open-air market ten minutes from our home, on two days a week, and in the shops on other days.

A gloriously rich *pâté*, 75 cents a pound; *rillettes de Tours*, an even more Lucullan form of *pâté*, packed for the protection of its rare beauty in super-fine fats — 85 cents a pound.

Prime roasting beef, \$1.20 a pound; top-grade *tournedos* steak, which melts in the mouth like some warmed-up snowball, \$1.70 a pound.

Ducks, \$2.65 each; chickens — really flamboyant offerings — \$2.55 each; partridges — please note this — 65 cents each.

Veal, \$1.45 a pound.

And the oysters! Lovely, clean green *Fines de Clair*, 20 cents a dozen. Or, if you will, *Belons* (rather like blue points), 35 cents a dozen.

Very alluring shellfish called *langoustines* (they are like slender lobsters, and make an excellent hors d'œuvre with a touch of mayonnaise), 90 cents for two pounds (and that's a lot of *langoustines*).

Lamb kidneys (tasty on cold nights *en brochette*), 8 cents apiece; best leg of lamb, \$1.45 a pound.

Nice lithe soles, 80 cents for four.

Butter, 95 cents a pound.

Eggs, 72 cents a dozen.

Coffee, 92 cents a pound. Coffee was the last commodity to be rationed, and rationing of it ended some weeks ago.

Sugar, 15 cents a pound.

Milk (a bit of a nuisance the milk, because they won't send it, even on bicycles, and there is only one "farm" in our part of town, and you must sally out yourself, carrying a depressing metal container, to fetch it), 13 cents a liter.

Oranges, 25 cents for two pounds; grapefruit, 27 cents for two pounds; lemons, 27 cents for two pounds.

Lettuce, 30 cents a pound.

Camembert cheeses, 25 cents each; Gruyère, \$1 a pound; baby cream cheeses, a nickel each. (There are stacks and flower beds of cheeses — cartwheels of Brie, mounds of Cantal, wedges of Port Salut.)

French bread is a nickel for a medium-sized loaf. Everyone can be seen carrying the stuff at one time or another. Businessmen on their way home from work, nuns on motor bicycles, an off-duty policeman — all have several yards of bread under their arms or slung across their backs.

Creamy *éclairs* cost 9 cents each. And at the *pâtisserie* individual orders secure madame's rapt attention. We got a birthday cake for one of the children, complete with candles and creamed-in name on top, a rich, satisfying job of celestial chocolate and other ingredients, about a foot in diameter, for \$2.80.

And then there are mountains of bacons and hams, including the nice tackily raw *jambon de Bayonne*, a vast profusion of link sausages and sausage meat; and of the larger sausages, with and without garlic, which dangle enticingly from the roofs of the shops among the old brown hams.

The stomach, in short, is not overlooked.

For irrigation? Excellent dry champagne is \$1.75 a bottle. First-class brandy, \$2.25 a bottle. A good workmanlike Burgundy or Bordeaux, 80 cents a bottle. Rum (from the French West Indies, and not, according to my own taste, as good as British and Cuban rums), \$2.50 a bottle. Beer, 25 cents a quart.

If you are in a really thrifty mood you can get perfectly drinkable wine at 30 cents a fifth. But if you insist on Anglo-Saxon drinks you at once run into a completely different price bracket.

Scotch whiskey — it is all going to the United States for dollars, and the shopkeepers of our suburb tend to hide the occasional bottle at the back of the grandfather clock in the hall for the benefit of old-standing customers — fetches \$7.15 a fifth. And *le gin anglais* is \$6.95.

Other prices, taken at random: a woman's hair-do, 95 cents, with trim 21 cents extra. Man's suit cleaned and pressed, 75 cents. Man's shoes resoled and reheelled (an undertaking which, as I recall it, used to set me back some \$5 in Washington), \$1.85.

And now to pass to the Chamber of Horrors. My profession demands that I spend a great deal of my time on the telephone. And if there is any single factor that is aiding and abetting my headlong rush to a breakdown, it is the French telephone service.

Things started off fairly encouragingly, I admit. After somber talk of a six-month wait before the instrument could be installed in our villa, a smiling man appeared and put the thing in within a week. This cost us \$48.50, plus a gratuity to our friend of \$6, which sent him on his way singing gaily. But then our troubles began.

Although they tell you in France that the shortcomings of the telephone service are due to war damage and worn-out equipment, the plain fact is that the operators are as reluctant and unhappy a force as ever undertook to staff a vital public service.

How I yearn for those golden-voiced girls back in the United States who so eagerly took up the chase on my behalf when person-to-person calls were requested. With what enthusiasm would they range the Pacific Coast to track down my man; how doggedly they kept after the errant Senator, finally treeing him triumphantly on the Mexican border. But here in France. . . .

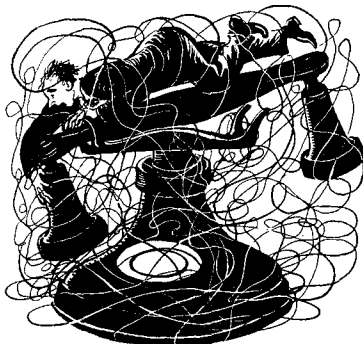
Fired by some urgent nocturnal inquiry from my London office, I

lift the receiver. A long pause. Then a woman's voice, plaintive, fairly oozing harassment and resentment, mumbles, "I am listening." I give the number. Three times out of four she will ask me to repeat it (it's not just my accent, either; it's the same for a native son). Then there ensues another pause during which a medley of strange voices can be overheard, apparently attempting to outbid one another in the wheat pit. The woman handling my call is having an angry argument with another operator. A man can be heard intervening. There is an all-pervasive humming sound, as of wind in telephone wires that have been downed by a storm in the Dordogne. In anything from three to seven minutes one may be connected with the number sought in Paris.

But this is at best only a precarious reprieve. For at any moment, while one is talking energetically, the operator's voice will suddenly cut in to ask, "Are you conversing?" and unless both parties immediately respond with an earsplitting chorus of "Yes! We speak! Do not cut! Do not be a saboteuse!" the line goes dead; and after another pause (during which, however furious you may feel, it is necessary to replace your receiver if you ever want to get back to the outside world again) you hear again the sad, harassed voice intone, "I am listening."

The main reason for all this is that the girls are grossly underpaid and resent the fact. They start at \$34.25 a month, and climb painfully upwards through the years to reach the \$40 and \$50 a month class. Their working conditions are unbelievably awful. But whatever the social rights and wrongs of the situation, it is very hard on the subscriber. I find that just to look at the great gangling, spidery receiver crouching sullenly on my desk sends my blood pressure up several notches.

Apart from the telephone, we are achieving a precarious equilibrium. Our electricity bill for the first two months was a bit of a shock — \$74.25. We made representations and were told by the local authorities that we had overstepped the "penalty level" by some two thirds. The penalty level is a sort of par for the course be-



You Will Enjoy the
New York State Flavor
of

Great Western



NEW YORK STATE PORTS,
SAUTERNES, CLARETS, RHINES

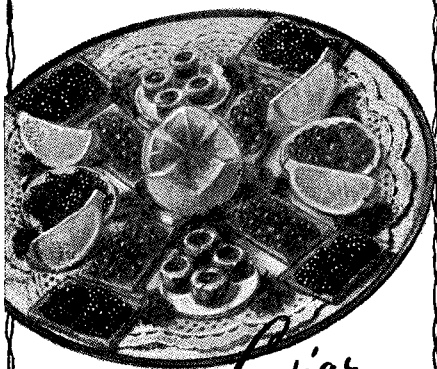
BY THE MAKERS OF

Great Western
AMERICAN CHAMPAGNE

When you want a good wine,
ask for GREAT WESTERN
And the price is reasonable too

Fine American wines for nearly 100 years
THE PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Rehms, Hammondsport, N. Y.

Fashion
has its Favorites...



...and for *Caviar*
the name of distinction
is
ROMANOFF

At luncheons, receptions,
formal dinners, with cocktails,
caviar lends glamour... and
ROMANOFF CAVIAR enhances it.
When you buy for service at home,
or when dining out, ask for Romanoff.

ROMANOFF CAVIAR COMPANY
480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



yond which you automatically get charged a double rate. It seemed that our many electrical appliances (by normal French middle-class standards our villa is the house of a mad scientist) were mainly to blame, allied to the fact that our old friend the "Tropicale" water-heater, when finally hooked up, lived up to its name, ran wild, and provided us with hot water that was far too hot and at all hours of the day and night. But the inspector who dropped round to see us summed it up: —

"Must you both partake of a bath every day?" he asked in wide-eyed wonder.

This quarter I think that things are going to be better. The compulsory electricity cuts instituted by the government on one day a week in the fall helped, and by now we have got the "Tropicale" into a less virile frame of mind.

Things are settling down into a routine of sorts. Now and then, of course, something happens to enliven us. For example, what started out as an encouraging essay in Anglo-French understanding the other night ended up on a rather sour note.

In addition to the Dali-designed heating apparatus in the basement, we have an open fireplace in the drawing room. In preparation for the arrival for dinner of an American newspaperman and his wife, my wife touched off a noble fire in this grate. But quickly the cheerful crackle turned into something more sinister. The drawing-room walls became hot, there was an ominous roaring sound. Running outside, my wife observed showers of sparks pouring from the chimney.

So when I arrived from town with our guests a little later, it was to precede the local fire brigade by only a moment or two — summoned to deal with an all too evident chimney on fire.

The brigade arrived in great style from the fourteenth-century church which houses them, their siren — a two-tone, donkeylike braying — going full force. Six men wearing white-painted steel helmets charged purposefully into the house. Informed of the nature of the crisis, they went to work with a will. Our guests, whose

first sampling of our hospitality this was, backed into a far corner of the drawing room with their drinks while the firemen took over, rushing back and forth with shovelfuls of glowing embers from the fireplace, banging savagely at an alleged vent in the outside wall, the better to survey the threat lurking in the chimney, and tearing upstairs to feel the walls of the bedrooms.

Soon a competent, pink-faced gendarme showed up and, with a man-to-man air, asked me a few questions. We got on very well, and when an hour later the threat was at an end, I invited all hands to join me in glasses of my best cognac. All responded with a will. There were smiles and toasts, handshakes and thanks.

"Monsieur no doubt neglected to have his irksome chimney swept before igniting the fire for the first time?" suggested the gendarme with a twinkle.

"Just exactly what happened," I laughingly agreed.

Finally we walked to the door together, enwrapped in the greatest bonhomie.

They had been efficient and surprisingly neat — not so much as a dirty footmark left behind. I remember being struck by the fact that the gendarme and one of the *pompier*s paused to consider a Toulouse-Lautrec hanging in the hall. "Exceptional fellows," I told my famished guests when I returned from seeing them out, amid a final round of hearty good-byes. "You wouldn't find British or American firemen or policemen displaying any such aesthetic leanings."

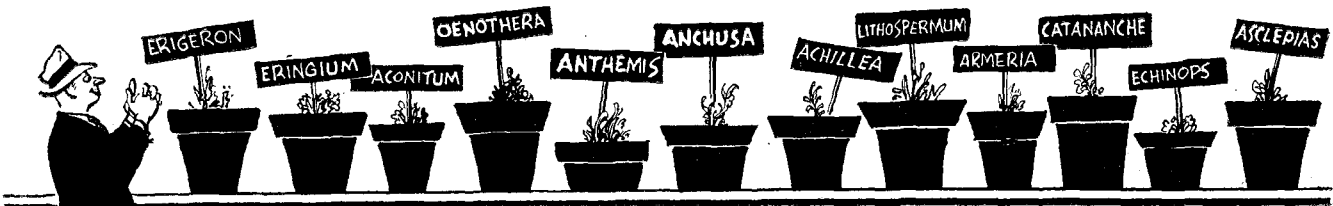
Today came the rude awakening. A large official document was dropped into the letter box of our outer gate. It was a court summons informing me that I was reported by the *pompier*s as having been in flagrant dereliction of the law of the Republic of June, 1902, by which all chimneys must be visited by *Monsieur le Fumiste* (the local sweep) before the first fire is lighted in the fall. My presence is therefore earnestly awaited before the magistrate on such and such a date.

I came back indoors and turned the Toulouse-Lautrec face to the wall.



GARDEN VERSES

by MARION STURGES-JONES



DEFINITION

A GARDENER is the kind of guy
Who doesn't hesitate to buy
Rare specimens of costly plants
When worn and shiny are his pants.



A GARDENER IS A LOVESOME THING . . .

As long as there are hyacinths
And scillas by the pool;
As long as dogwood comes to bloom,
I'll be an April fool.



THE CASE OF THE WELL-WATERED PLANT

GARDEN NOTE: If well-watered plants begin to curl and droop, suspect verticillium wilt.

WHAT if I do suspect
The verticillium wilt?
This is an enemy with which
I've never had a tilt.
How do I meet the threat?
How deadly is the danger?
Don't leave me ignorant to face
This verticillium stranger,
Or else I greatly fear
The drooping that you'll see
Will be less from well-watered plants
Than it will be from *me*.



THE WAY LIFE IS

THE zinnia's easily
Raised from a seed;
Come downpour or drought
It is sure to succeed.

The marigold likewise
Is foolproof and strong,
And cheerfully blossoms
The whole summer long.

But stocks and snapdragons,
That court every blight,
Are strangely the flowers that
Produce the delight.

GROUNDS — FOR DIVORCE!

My husband loves our garden, but
I find, when it gets weedy,
He either feels too good to work,
Or else he feels too seedy.



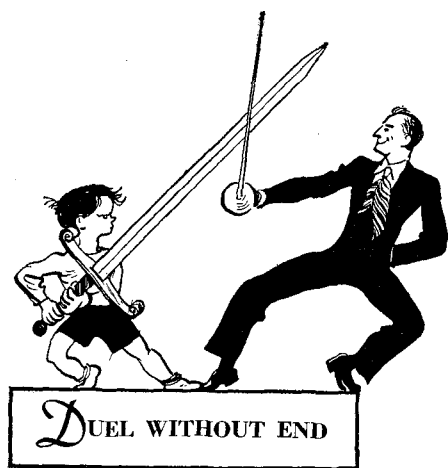
POOR LOUIS

WHEN King of France, the sixteenth Louis
Was generally considered screwy.
He would have led a peasant's life
But for M. Antoinette, his wife.
She loved vast palaces, with towers;
He coveted a hut, with flowers,
A garden, and a rustic fence —
I think he showed uncommon sense!

AS THE EARTH TURNS . . .

CATCH a gardener at his work —
Nothing could be drearier:
All you see is muddy shoes
And a raised posterior!





by HYMAN GOLDBERG

After some years of newspapering in New York HYMAN GOLDBERG served in the army during the war and is now a writer for King Features.

ALL the parents I know — and, alas, I know a remarkably large number of them — have a huge fund of tiresome stories which are endlessly recounted as irrefutable evidence that in a battle of wits their sprats could have had Oscar Wilde tongue-tied in minutes, and that even Milton Berle, with his vaunted 250,000 squelchers for hecklers, would soon be reduced to tears.

Almost invariably the person bested by an infantile wit (who is rarely older than three or four) is the parent himself. I've heard, in my time, thousands of these alleged razor-edged ripostes that were sprung by children, and I've come to the conclusion that anyone who will admit that he's been defeated by a citizen who can't even read or write, and who is just beginning to learn how to blow his own nose with some efficiency, must be a dope.

I am a parent myself. My three-year-old son hardly keeps silent for a minute in his waking hours; and that he's at least as sapient and *au courant* as most kids his age, judging by the stories their parents tell, I will prove by the following anecdote.

The other day he pointed to a ladder in the kitchen. "What's this made of?" he asked.

"That ladder is made of wood," I said.

"This ladder," he said twinkling merrily, with the air of an after-dinner speaker or a master of ceremonies who is signaling broadly that he's going to tell a joke, "is made of wood, and so is your head."

Now I am certain, as certain can be, that any of the parents I know would

have immediately seized that little boy in their arms and hugged and kissed him hysterically, and would have dashed to a telephone to call all their sorry acquaintances to tell them about that little boy's wisecrack.

Not I. If I couldn't hold my own with a three-year-old, if I couldn't outsmart someone who can't count above ten and who even gets confused occasionally *below* the number ten, how long do you think I'd last in my line of business, where the only law is the law of the jungle? You know what I said to my son?

"If my head is made of wood," I said, "you know what your head is made of?"

"What is my head made of?" he asked, falling neatly into my trap.

"Bone," I shot back at him, "and you're a bonehead."

I don't want to be misunderstood; I'm not trying to pretend that a remark like that is really a sample of any great wit, but I do say I got the better of that exchange, because I silenced him, which is no mean victory over a three-year-old.

My son has a particularly nasty trick of trapping people into asking simple questions that show them to be utter imbeciles. If I hadn't seen him pull this stunt on his mother on a number of occasions, I might have been caught by him — once, anyway. But as it was, I was quite prepared for him.

He showed her first a small toy automobile that he owns. "Ask me," he said, "'Where are the wheels on this car?'" His mother asked him where the wheels were, and he proudly showed where they were.

Then he showed her a little wooden wagon. "Ask me," he said, "'Where are the wheels on this wagon?'" She patiently asked the question, following him along she knew not where.

Next, he showed her a little boat. "Ask me," he said again, "'Where are the wheels of this little boat?'" And she did. "Where are the wheels of this little boat?" she asked.

That was the one he was leading up to. "Boats," shouted my son triumphantly, "don't have wheels! They don't have wheels!"

Not a half hour later he approached me, dragging along an assortment of his possessions. I pretended to read a magazine. "Pa," he said. I looked up. "Yes, boy," I said, "what is it?" He was holding up his car. "Ask me," he said, lisping prettily, "'Where are the wheels of

this car?'" I complied, and he showed me where the wheels were. Then came the wagon, followed by the request, the compliance, and the answer.

I tried to control my excitement, and I must have succeeded in hiding my tenseness, for he then held up his boat. "Ask me," said my three-year-old son, "'Where are the wheels of this little boat?'" I leaned forward in my chair and stared right into his bright blue eyes. "I know where the wheels of that little boat are," I said firmly. "The wheels of that little boat are right in your head."

He looked at me for a moment and what emotions he felt I don't know, for his face was impassive. Then he turned silently away from me and went back to his toys and he played quietly until his mother led him away for his bath.

Like all other parents, I went through a period when my son kept whying me to madness. It was why this, why that from morning until night. It would start like this: Q. Where is that dog going? A. It is going for a walk. Q. Why is it going for a walk? A. Because it feels like going for a walk. Q. Why does it feel like going for a walk? A. How do I know why it feels like going for a walk? Q. Why don't you know why it feels like going for a walk?

Well, sir, let me tell you how I foxed him on that one. These days I make it my business to see that damn dog first. And I'm the first one in there with the question.

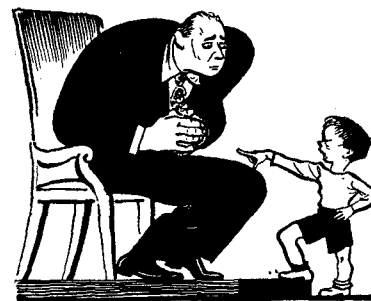
"Where is that dog going?" I ask my son.

"For a walk," says he.

"Why is it going for a walk?" ask I.

"Because," says he.

"Why because?" say I, and by that time he gets fed up with the entire matter and goes away from me and leaves me alone to my own devices, which I, for one, find vastly more fascinating and constructive than playing a buffoonish straight man for a very small boy.



ACCENT ON LIVING